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THE
HERMIT IN PHILADELPHIA.
SECOND SERIES.

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF

YOUNG BELLES AND COQUETTES; ELEGANTES AND SPOILED CHILDREN; DANDIES AND RUFFIANS; OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS; DANDY SLANG AND LADY-SLANG; MORNING VISITS AND EVENING PARTIES; DRESS AND ORNAMENTS; FEMALE SLANDERERS AND MALE EXQUISITES; LONG BRANCH LETTERS AND PRICES CURRENT; LOTTERIES AND QUACKS; BILLIARDS AND PHARO; GAMBLING AND SPORTING; ELECTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS; THEATRICALS AND HORSE RACING; WIFE SELLING AND BETTING; BOXING AND COCKING; DOG FIGHTING AND BULL BAITING, &c. &c. &c.

You speak o' the people, as if you were a God to punish,
not a man of their infirmity! *Coriolanus.*

You think this cruel?—take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool. *Pope.*

Robt. Walm Jr. BY PETER ATALL, ESQ.
EDITOR OF THE "HERMIT IN AMERICA," AND AUTHOR
OF "AMERICAN BARDS" AND "SISYPHI OPUS OR
TOUCHES AT THE TIMES."

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY J. MAXWELL AND MOSES THOMAS,
AND BY HALEY AND THOMAS, NEW YORK.

1821.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

168380

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS,
1890.

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PREFACE.

My venerable friend, the Hermit of Guiana, has not yet returned from the arctic expedition in which he so rashly engaged, nor have the English discovery ships thrown any light upon the subject. It is a reasonable conclusion, that he has succeeded in reaching the entrance of an interior world, at the North Pole, and been prevented, by the reclosing of the passage, from returning to that in which he was born.

In memory of him who may at this moment be in another world, without death or decay, I have arranged a portion of extensive notes taken at various periods, and offer them to the public, under the title of the Hermit in Philadelphia;—promising—should the path thus marked out by my old friend, be adorned with the flowers of benevolence, and smoothed by the kindness of encouragement,—to pursue it so

long as it may afford a moment of amusement, or a mite of instruction.

If it can cheat from the heart of sorrow one pang of its misery, or beguile the hours of sickness with one moment of forgetfulness,—but, above all, if it can point out to youth, the follies and seductions of fashion, it will afford a full recompense to the labours of the author, and a soothing reward to his heart.

PETER ATALL.

THE HERMIT IN PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER I.

COQUETTES.

O! that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace!
Shakspeare.

Away,—away,—you're all the same;
A flattering, smiling, jilting throng!
Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame
To think I've been you're slave so long! *Moore.*

THERE is not a being in society, however destitute may be his condition, who does not, at some period of his life, look forward, with anticipated delight, to the enjoyments of matrimony;—and I do not admire the cold heart, that in its progress towards maturity, has never felt the pangs and the endearments of love. Bachelors are never formed by nature: if we could penetrate the

secret annals of those solitary men, and lay open the various causes that have influenced their destiny, a black catalogue of female heartlessness and depravity would stand forth in their vindication. We are indebted to the female sex alone, for the great body of bachelors, although individual character, depressed circumstances, and cold blooded temperament have all had a similar effect, in a more limited degree.

When the young blood flows in our veins, like the spring-tides from the mountains, every drop is impregnated with the nectared succulence of love:—woman is the fairy form that delights and brightens the visions of our youth;—we feel that

‘The world was sad—the garden was a wild,
And *man* the hermit mourned till *woman* smiled;’

we gaze upon her as upon a superior being;—we honour her as the last, best gift of God’s creation—we love her as the guardian of our childhood,—the fountain of our hopes,—the day-spring of our happiness,—the solace of our misfortunes. She is the guiding-star that brightens the gloomy vista of life; our hearts would sicken without the balm of her affection, and our veins beat

feeble without the impulse of her love. Without her, sickness would assume new horrors, and sorrow clothe itself in new torments; happiness would live only in the grave; and the joys of this world be but the anticipations of a better. We look towards her as to a blessed asylum planted by heaven in the wilderness of the world, to which we may flee in the days of our affliction.

Such is woman adorned with the loveliness of her purity;—such are our early associations, when the mind slumbers in confidence, free from the canker of suspicion, and resting in the bliss of its ignorance: too noble to raise the veil that covers her deformity, the day-dreams of our happiness are not shrouded by the horrors of its reality.

But—in an evil hour—that veil *must* be withdrawn, and lo! Coquetry springs forth clothed in a bright garment, glittering with tinsel; honey hangs on her pouting lip,—wormwood and gall rankle in her heart; her step is soft and light as that of Flora wooing Zephyr o'er the enamelled lawn; her eyes are brightened with the seducing fires of love, or clouded in languishing fondness; the brilliancy of the rose spreads its tempt-

ing lure on her dimpled cheek, or it is tinged with the soft shades of affected sensibility. She bears in her white hand a slender net, woven from stratagems and intrigues;—casting it among a swarm of deluded worshippers, they fall prostrate at her feet, overwhelmed with madness, slavery and despair!*

When the veil is thus removed, is it wonderful that the soul of man is palsied by the contemplation of her deformity?—that the fountains of affection no longer flow, and the fires of love are quenched forever?

Coquetry is the formation of *Célibataires*: in many hearts, the feelings that flow in unison with love, like the blood of our veins, are paralysed by one atom of pollution, and no stimulant—however active—can apply warmth to their inactivity. To learn to hate, we must first learn to love; the chords of our affections must be expanded in bliss, and snapped in the perfection of its enjoyment. When the flowers of love are trodden down, they wither in hopeless putrefaction; blighted in their bloom, their fragrance ripens not into maturity; no seed

* Altered from the French.

falls to the ground, and gives life and animation to the germe of expectancy. The temple of our hopes crumbles into dust, and the ruin of its altar is the companion of its violation.

When the feelings of man are thus agitated, they too often subside in invincible hatred towards the objects that proved the creation and destruction of his happiness: he looks upon the whole sex as agents of desolation, and abandons the heartlessness of their affections for a life of solitary deprivation.

Celibacy in a man, therefore, proceeds in a great degree from the depravity of the other sex; and that depravity principally arises from Coquetry, a crime lightly estimated in fashionable life, but pregnant with evils and corruption. I will not proceed so far as a worthy old bachelor, who,—tracing almost every worldly evil to the wiles and influence of Coquetry,—positively declares that it has done more than fire, famine, or the sword, to retard the progress of civilization, by restricting that of population!—but I conscientiously believe, that light and trifling as it may appear amid the glare of a ball-room, and the fascinations of fashion, its

destroying influence has overstep'd the boundaries of this world, and condemned its victims to the torments of eternity. Often has the malefactor in his cell, traced the germe of his destruction to the soulless blandishments of woman;—often has the criminal on the scaffold, mourned over the maddening artifices that gave the first impulse to his guilt;—and often has the victim of intemperance, in the horrid moments of self-possession, cursed the overwhelming deceit that drove him into guilty forgetfulness.

Miss Heartstone ranks among the number of my acquaintance, and some twenty years ago, was the most beautiful *belle*, and most determined Coquette in Philadelphia. Two score years have revel'd on her charms, and the frost of as many winters has nipp'd the bloom of her beauty. She anticipated the common course of nature, and became—in effect,—an old maid at five and twenty. Gifted with talents to command, and beauty to allure, she passed the youthful years of her seclusion in acquiring the embellishments of art; her best days were consumed in giving to her natural charms a pliancy and polish to dazzle and destroy.

The induration of her heart kept pace with the embellishment of her person;—every smile studied before her mirror, every attitude practised on her *ottoman*, gave new hardness to that inoral petrefaction.

At length she burst forth like a new light upon the world of fashion; the moment of triumph came that was to repay whole years of labour; the stream of fashionable pilgrimage flowed to her feet, and crowds of worshippers flocked to the shrine. They found ‘more bitter than death the woman, whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands.’ Universal encouragement begot numberless admirers, who gave vigour to her vanity, and incitement to her pride: the fires of ambition gained new force by the universality of success, and every new victim gave a correspondent momentum to her *agaceries*.

Many fell at her feet,—vowed eternal attachment,—were positively rejected,—and never troubled themselves more about the matter. Others were transformed into puppets, of which she guided the wires, and threw them into the most ludicrous or awkward shapes, according to her caprice: she rejected their protestations with affected

sensibility, and encouraged their renewal with the sweetest smiles;—she paralysed them with the frowns of her displeasure, and elevated them with the artful glances of benignity. Others pursued a manly course of conduct, and conscious of the rectitude of their own minds, confided securely on the honour and virtue of their mistress: *they* were discarded and became—*bachelors*.

Four times was Miss Heartstone induced, by the depravity of her disposition, to surrender her counterfeit affections to the importunity of her lovers, and four times did she burden her own soul with the guilt of their destruction. I knew Mr. Trustall well. He was a young man, to whom education had given a noble mind, and nature, a manly person. An affectionate son,—a kind brother,—a steadfast friend,—a boon companion,—and an upright man, he worshipped Miss Heartstone with all the energies of a justifiable idolatry. The day of union was appointed, and he looked towards it as to the hallowed epoch of his happiness;—it never dawned for him. The night previous to that long-wished for day, a projected revolution took place in the affections of Miss Heartstone, and Trustall was discarded: rea-

son resisted the shock in vain, and the frenzied lover rushed into eternity. The torments of the suicide,—the curses of the mother,—the despair of the father,—the agony of a desolated family,—rest upon the Coquette!

Of the remaining accepted lovers, all formed to adorn the brightest circle of society, one abandoned the sorrowful scene of his despair to become a wanderer on the face of the earth, and the others plunged headlong into the vortex of dissipation to drown the pangs of disappointment in the debauchery of despair. Their follies,—their miseries,—and their crimes,—rest upon the Coquette!

There are few passions more ungovernable than love, and none more ridiculous: however afflicting may have been our own experience, we are always disposed to ridicule a fellow-sufferer, and, forgetting the extent of our own feelings, despise the unmanly excess to which he may be driven. How formidable a weapon, then, is this passion in the hands of an unprincipled Coquette!—for, where there is Coquetry there is no good principle: a *virtuous Coquette* is a contradiction in terms. By its

agency, she not only destroys happiness, but confers contempt; she not only sports with the best feelings, but throws them open to the ridicule of the world.

But the fate of Coquettes is as fixed as their crimes; there is an ebb and flow in the opinion of the world that cannot be resisted, and Miss Heartstone found herself gradually gliding towards the ocean of insignificance. The death of Trustall completed her downfall, and she found herself alone in the meridian of life: hated by the envious,---pitied by the good,---laughed at by the thoughtless, and despised by all,---her only refuge was obscurity, her only companion, unavailing remorse.

Such are the consequences of a crime, now comprehended among the accomplishments of the fashionable world, and—if my young friend Dashall is worthy of belief,—absolutely reduced to fixed rules and principles!

There are particular allurements, according to this authority, adapted to the various habits and temperaments of the subjects to be operated upon. If it is a timid, bashful youth who requires a large share of encouragement, he is assailed with the *smile*—

direct, the tip-of-the-fan-positive, and the squeeze-of-the-hand-absolute—but, if it is a forward, self-important “*Ruffian*” he is coerced with the *answer-laconic*, the *shake of the head doubtful*, and the *frown emphatical*!

Not less system is developed in the grand act of enticing a new dangler: the Coquette then throws her beautiful form into the favourite position, assumes a most interesting melancholy, and clouds her pretty face in a languor *la plus touchante*. Having reclined long enough to attract the attention of the new gudgeon, she begins to throw out the bait: a pretty, neat, little foot and ankle peep out from beneath furbelows and flounces;—a white kid glove is drawn off to display a perfect arm of polished ivory;—a riband is loosened, and the most enchanting curls fall in profusion over her snow-white bosom. She contrives continually to meet his eye, as it were by accident, and her own are as often cast down in modest confusion, while her lovely cheeks are suffused with blushes. These stolen glances generally prove successful, but in case of failure, new schemes are adopted.—The belle springs from the couch, assumes an air of the most lively

animation; decks her features in fascinating smiles, chatters with every body, laughs at nothing, trips gayly across the room, and drops her glove *en passant* at the foot of the hero! Such a *ruse-de-guerre* is usually decisive; but if the seducing smile that accompanies the “Positively, sir, I am afflicted to trouble you,” is only answered by a cold bow, the case begins to wear a very alarming appearance. The Harp, or the Piano, is the next resort, and if the pointed looks, that accompany the languishing expressions of an Italian *canzonetta amorosa*, produce no effect, the attempt is considered absolutely desperate, without the vulgar and mortifying alternative of a common, formal, unsolicited introduction: some obliging friend furnishes the means, and once in actual contact, the new cicisbeo speedily becomes a slave.

But the great *desideratum* among Coquettes is to alienate the affections of gentlemen contracted in marriage, particularly if the objects of their choice be affected prudes;—or, in other words, modest and unassuming in their manners. Every allurement that can possibly pass through the lenient ordeal of fashionable opinion is cal-

led into action, and every minor consideration swallowed up in the primary object of success: if crowned with conquest, nothing can exceed the delight and exultation with which they look down upon the beings, whose hearts they have rendered desolate.

The sorrows of the subject impart a melancholy hue to my feelings, that can only be obliterated by the contemplation of woman in her purity. Yes! I must pay *them* the tribute of this truth,—that they are the soul of all social enjoyment, and that every thing languishes beyond the sphere of their delightful influence.*

But, to the mother, and to the father, and to the poor deluded child, let it be a solemn consideration, that whosoever blasts the happiness of her fellow creatures, shall not only suffer punishment in this life, but in that which is to come. ‘Wo to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled; and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee! When thou shalt cease to spoil, thou shalt be spoiled; and when thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee!’†

* Van Braam.

† Isaiah, Chap. 23, V. 1.

CHAPTER II.

DANDY-SLANG.

Here are a few of the unpleasankest words that ever
blotted paper. *Shakspeare.*

Fops may have leave to level all they can,
As pygmies would be glad to top a man. *Dryden.*

THE game of billiards is an innocent and healthful recreation, invented by the French, and popular throughout all parts of the world where Americans or Europeans have become domesticated; in Canton, we even find Chinese players and markers. It requires a cool temperament and a steady hand, which are, perhaps, sufficient reasons to prevent general excellence. As success is little dependent upon chance, it bears a character infinitely more respectable than the more common---because more convenient---games of dice and cards: the same power to defraud does not exist, because

every player knows the strength of his own game, and can easily discover that of his antagonist; there is no dependence upon hazard, by which good fortune may place the inexperienced on a footing with the more expert. In some of our sister-states, this amusing pastime is regularly licensed, but in this *virtuous* city it is placed beyond the pale of the law: nothing can more strongly mark the folly and inutility of such a prohibition, than the great numbers which exist, unofficially but not unknown.

The main objection is the danger of leading young men into habits of idleness, drunkenness, and gambling, and if no other existed, it is conscientiously sufficient to warrant a relative prohibition. But distinctions should be made, by which the innocent might escape the destruction of the guilty. There are many rooms into which boys are never admitted, although others could be pointed out, crowded with children, who seem to have stepped from the nursery into the billiard room. Merchant's clerk's, school-boys, and apprentices abandon their own duties, and the interests of their masters, to loiter and gamble away their youth among sharpers and billiard-markers:----

puffing tobacco, sipping toddy, and playing pool, when they should be casting up accounts, solving problems, or making shoes! These tables *ought* to be suppressed.

Among the records of thirty years ago, we find, in a periodical publication, a satirical attack in commendation of the virtues of a billiard table, characterised as 'a new refinement' in the 'manners of our city.' 'There is something,' says the moralist, 'in it, peculiarly adapted to the happy political constitution of the state. It reduces all to a public level. The sot, merchant, cobbler, captain, blacksmith, spruce gallant, pick-pocket and jockey, are all *hail fellow well met*, and agreeable to the true spirit of republicanism, merit is the only true criterion of eminence.' This description is adapted, without alteration, to many rooms now existing in this city.

My cousin, Tom Dashall, volunteered his services as a guide to the most fashionable rooms, where there are no *low tables* expressly adapted for children, none being admitted excepting those who are full-grown. It is my favourite amusement, and I felt some curiosity to observe the manners of the company, which----he took care to in-

form me---consisted entirely of '*regular built kiddies*.' Tom is one of the fraternity, a little addicted to the bottle, more to the slang, and, according to his vocabulary, '*up to any thing*.'

'I warrant the *bang-ups* have *crooked their elbows*' quoth Tom, as we walked down Chesnut Street, about eight o'clock in the evening; '*all been in for a dinner-party; blue as razors* no doubt;—*drunk as wheelbarrows, —fuddled, —and corned*.'

I knew Tom to be, in some respects, a temperate *bang-up*: this specimen of verbal moderation was therefore well calculated to increase my desire of hearing the dialect of the ultra-fashionables.

We arrived: the rooms were crowded with gentlemen, but a great proportion of the company appeared to be connected. My companion was joyfully saluted:

'Tom *my old boy, tip us your daddle*.'

'Tom, *my old crabby, give us a shake*.'

'Tom, *my old hearty, hand us your paw*.'

'Tom, *my old cock, lend us your finger*.'

'What the devil's the matter, Tom? you *look pale about the gills; —under the hatches, eh?*'

'No, Jack;—*regular as a book*.'

‘What say you to *a whet*, Dashall?—a little *cup of the creetur*?—some of the *doctor*?—a stiff *flip*?—Come, don’t *sham Abram*;—down with *the heel-tap*.’

I was now formally introduced—one of the party handed me a chair.

‘Come, Sir;—*bring yourself to an anchor*;—all *free and easy here*;—been out to dine;—a little *blue*;—*regular blow-out*;—head-ache in the morning;—no harm to *cogue a few*.’

My attention was soon attracted by the voices of the players.

‘I’ll take my *bible-oath* that was a *fair carrom*;—‘*Hole the white*’—‘*Beat all hollow*’—‘*Cut the lightred fine in the side, carrom on the white, and make five in the corner*’—‘*D—n me, that stroke went against the grain*’—‘*Always under the land, by Saint Patrick*’—‘*Look out for your apple-cart*’—‘*Up a slim pine, by Jupiter*’—‘*Up a gum-tree, by Jove*’—‘*Lord! just saved my bacon*’—‘*Jumped out of the pocket, by heavens*’—‘*Boh! that’s my eye, Betty Martin*’—‘*An elegant six*’—‘*All luck, by old Harry*’—‘*I boned you there, my boy*’—‘*You stand no more chance than a cat in——without claws*’—‘*Dead hazard*’—‘*Mark up nine*’—‘*Now you walk the*

chalk—“Follow up the deep red”—“Beautiful stroke”—“Common as a barber’s-chair, or a turnpike-gate”—“The jig’s up”—“Ha! you burnt your fingers”—“Overboard! by Moses”—“Now you may go to grass”—“Walk in and see the bear dance”—“Come, my cock of the walk, play on”—“Cock particular stroke, I should say”—“Don’t claw off, Bill”—“That’s a cooler”—“Don’t crow yet”—“That’s a damper”—“Lord! what a scratch”—“It’s all Dickey with you”—“That’s the dandy”—“I’m dish’d,—done-up”—“Any man that holes such a ball, would rob a church!”—“You want more elbow grease”—“Lord! how he nicks ’em”—“I hav’nt got the gage”—“James Price, what a stroke”—“Gingerly there to work”—“O! you hav’nt caught a gudgeon;—I’m no flat”—“Sharp’s the word”—“Very like a whale”—“Poh! you’ve no gumption”—“Bear a hand”—“It’s time to hop the twig; I’ll draw in my horns”—“I caught you napping”—“Beat you before you can say Jack Robinson; done up in a jiffy”—“Here’s a pretty kettle of fish!”—“What a swinger!”—“Now you’re keel-hauled”—“Come, knock under”—“Take care you don’t change your note”—“In for the plate, by all that’s lovely”—“Blast it! I must

rub up—‘ You’ve *caught a Tartar*—‘ Game, by Jupiter;—never play with *old staggers*—down with *the Spanish*—down with *the derbies*—down with *the dust*—rouse out *your gelt*—out with *your goldfinches*—out with *the shiners*—out with *the chink*;—Lord! how I *fleece* young *pigeons*.’

The loser *ripped out a volley*, deposited his stakes, and with a very genteel oath, swore he had *the snuffles*,—could’nt *play worth a d—n*,—and must go home and live on *Adam’s ale* and *Aqua Pumpaginis*!—‘ Devilish sorry for it tho!’—had an *assig.* with a *Quicunque Vult*—a snug little *cinder-gabbler*—a pretty respectable sort of a *slewer*!—must look out for a *barrel fever*;—winter *caterwauling* cursed unhealthy;—too cold to *study astronomy*.—D. I. O!—The *blood made his leg* and staggered out of the rooms.

‘ He *lifts his hand to his head*, pretty often;’ said one.

‘ He has a *rum phiz*;’ said another.

‘ He looks like a *Body of Divinity bound in black calf*;’ continued a third.---(The absentee was dressed in a full suit of mourning.)

‘He squints like a bag of nails,’ said a fourth.

‘He grins like a basket of chips,’ cried a fifth.

‘He always seems as busy as the devil in a high wind, or a hen with one chicken,’ vociferated a sixth.

‘He’s a cunning shaver’---‘A little cut over the head’---‘A poor dab’---‘Looks as pleasant as the pains of death’---‘Always a drop in his eye’---‘Drunk as an Emperor.’

Fortunately for this respectable character, another of the *Bang-ups*,---recollecting an engagement with a *tormentor-of-cat-gut* who was to select him a *new cremona*---left the rooms.

‘Dick’s off too!’---‘Half seas over, I fancy’---‘Looks as if he had been fed with a fire shovel; always sporting his ivory’---‘Knowledge-box very small’---‘Idea-pot cursed empty!’---‘Always putting in his oar’---‘Wants pluck’---‘A regular guzzler’---‘Always hard at it’---‘A blue green-horn’---‘A frequenter of hot-water conventicles’---‘A drinker of scandal-broth’---‘A hanger-on to bracket-faced, carotty-pated, gravy-eyed ape-leaders!’---‘A mutton headed Aminidab’---‘In love with Miss Graveairs;

looks as if butter would'nt melt in her mouth, yet I warrant cheese would'nt choak her!!—‘A little goose-berry eyed or so;’—‘All the crack, pon honour---promised to call in the cushion thumper when Dick sowed his wild oats.’

Some poor damsel, who had offended the honourable fraternity by refusing to dance with one of its members at that time barely able to stand, afforded the next subject of conversation. In the opinion of some she was affectedly decent in her dress;—others swore the major part of her body was not covered at all! One declared she danced *like a ditch-digger*—another, that she moved *like a parson!* She was *red haired*—*snub-nosed*—*gimblet-eyed*—*rake-toothed*—*chicken-breasted*—*eel-shaped*—*baker-kneed*—*mammoth-ankled*—and *club-footed!!*—with a *parchment-skin*, *scraggy-fingers*, and a *cracked voice!* Such a volley of epithets seldom before came from the lips of man, interlarded with the most fashionable and popular oaths,—which I cannot repeat: *Bacon-faced*—*Bran-faced*—*Brazen-faced*—*Weasel-faced*—*Cribbage-faced*—*Beetle-headed*—*Bottle-headed*—*Buffle-headed*,—and *Chuckle-headed!!!* And, finally, they

all agreed that she was *half-horse, half-alligator, and a little bit of a steam-boat!*

Billiards at length became fatiguing. There was a fine looking young gentleman stretched on a sofa behind me, picking his teeth, and slapping his new *Coronation Pantaloons* with his glove; another sat at the opposite end, puffing a cigar and half-asleep.

‘What do you say to *a flirt*?’ said the first. ‘*Pharo?*’ inquired the other. ‘Ay, ---old Flirtaway’s---let’s have *a flyer* if you’re *flush*.’---‘That fellow’s an *old bruiser*; he’ll *wet his thumb* and *slip a card* like lightning;---I hate to be *bubblea*; ---every time I *buttered* a bet, it was a *Flemish account*;---besides I’ve *other fish to fry*, and can’t *go the company*; we’re *nuts* for the bank.’

‘Nonsense!’ replied the first; ‘I *put it into’em handsomely*, the other night;---walked in with an *odd ten*, counted the bank, and eyed the banker devilish sharp;—sat down;---*smacked it into Pot*---turned up *doublets* and lost half---turned up *six* and lost all;---*down* with another;---won;---touched him a *parolet* behind the *Knave*, ---won;---gave him a *Sept et le va*,---won;---a *Quinze; et le va*,---won;---a *Trente et le va*,---won---d---d near losing in *hock-*

ley;---gave the cards a *flirt* and a *cut*;---risked all for a *Soixante et le va!*---won!---Broke up the bank in one deal and a quarter, and marched off with a *cool* six hundred in my pocket! What do you think of that? Wasn't that a *bone-setter*, my boy?"---"Well, let's be off;"---and away went the *pigeons*.

"Rouse out your *fiddlers' money*, and knock off the *score*;" said a spruce young *blade*, throwing his *cue* on the table.---"Now for a *swig*;---must keep up the *steam*:---Who'll raise a *breeze*? kick up a *dust*? and play the *d—l*?---Come, boys, for a *cruise*? no, *flats in Co.*---all up to a *thing or two*---ripe for fun---hot-water conventions or *Ballum-Rancums*."

This proposition precisely coincided with the general disposition, and the whole bevy departed, talking about Tivoli, Vauxhall, South-Street and Female-Gas-Inhalers. Tom, with great difficulty, was permitted to accompany me home to supper: he was declared to be a *cow-hearted flincher* who would rather provide for his *bread-basket*, than risk his *noddle* in a *row*!---a *stuffing night of the trencher*, who would rather eat *Welch-Rabbit* than *swig blue-ruin*;---and a

chicken-hearted renegado, who would *snore it* quietly in bed, while there was a chance of having his *peepers plumped* by a *bully*, or his *calabash cracked* by a *Watchman!!*

CHAPTER III.

FEMALE SLANDERERS.

Whose gall coins slanders like a mint.

Shakspeare.

The flour consumed, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of my bran.

Wife of Bath.

I was sitting, the other morning, in the parlour of Mr. Single, a bachelor about five and forty years of age, according to rational calculation, and about five and thirty according to his own. He is a determined hater of children, an enthusiastic admirer of women, a sworn foe to matrimony, somewhat testy, a moderate *petit-mâitre*, but withal, a sensible man: his distinguishing error is an unbounded veneration for the opinion of the world.

‘I must sell off!’ said he;—‘I can never endure house-keeping another year; there

is perpetual discord among the servants, and a house keeper is as bad as a wife;—old, ugly and crabbed!"

"You should make a more agreeable selection." "And afford a dish of scandal for every tea-table in Philadelphia?—I should be the tittering-stock of every young lady, and the target of every old one in the community! With such a house-keeper as you recommend, every handkerchief I might purchase would be transformed into bibs and tuckers, and every piece of muslin, into baby-clothes! If I were dying I should be afraid to summon a doctor, and if I were naked I should be afraid to buy linen!—No, no, Mr. Hermit, if you would escape the argus eyes of our antiquated virgins, or the Bohea animadversions of our prying matrons, it is impossible to be too vigilant: a pretty young house-keeper would destroy the reputation of the most immaculate bachelor in town; our only safety consists in positive deformity or hopeless antiquity."

The bell rung, and a blooming young damsel was ushered into the room.

"I am informed, Sir, you wish to hire a chamber-maid."

‘ Sit down, child:—but I always require good recommendations.’

‘ I have never been out to service as yet, because I always lived at home, Sir.’

‘ At home?—where is your home, child?’

‘ In the country, Sir;—but times are getting hard, and I came to town for work, Sir.’

‘ No recommendation, eh?—are you sure you are sober?’

‘ Not always, Sir.’

‘ Not always!’

‘ No, Sir, I can’t help laughing sometimes;—but I am always sober in church, Sir.’

‘ And honest?’

‘ The little country girl fingered the corner of her handkerchief.

‘ Why,—yes, Sir; John promised to marry me next week.’

‘ Going to be married!—go,—go, child, we can never agree;—never, never!’

The disappointed girl withdrew without further remark.

‘ Is it possible, Mr. Single,’ said I, ‘ your only objection to this girl is her intended marriage?’

‘ Yes, Sir;—if I engage that servant, a man, of whom I know nothing, will become

in part, if not wholly, domesticated in my house; and, if I keep her long enough, it will be over-run with children!—With children!! by Jupiter, think of that, Mr. Hermit:—squalling and bawling from morning 'till night—pap-cups, cradles and rocking-chairs!—a second Pandemonium! And what think you the world will say? What oceans of tea will be quaffed to the manes of my reputation! What mountains of buttered toast will be destroyed for my destruction! What myriads of old maids will hold forth in my condemnation!

‘Really, Mr. Single, you attach too much importance to the bad opinion of the world: it is, at best, but an uncertain criterion, too often founded upon rumour or malevolence, and always warped by prejudice.’

The bell sounded again, and a large black negro-wench bounced into the room.

‘Master, want a maid?’

The usual routine of questions was proposed, and ended in the production of a soiled piece of paper, purporting to be a recommendation of Dinah——, to the office of house-maid.

‘What is your other name, Dinah?’

‘I always goes by the name of Dinah,

Sir; when I were young, master called me Dinah Sleek, but when I went to live with John, I went by John's name, Sir; and when John went to sea, I took Peter's, Sir---and when Peter died, Timothy and me was married, Sir, after a way, Sir.'

'What way was that, pray?'

'We swore to be married, Sir.'

'And where is Mr. Timothy at present?'

'Poor Tim is put to picking oakum, Sir, on suspicion of stealing, Sir!—and I was cleared, Sir.'

I really believe Mr. Single was disposed to engage this hater of matrimony according to the rules of the church, when our ears were assailed with the loud cries of a child, near the door of the room. Mr. Single seemed electrified; the yell of an united body of Choctaws, Cherokees and Chickasaws, or a band of Chinese Musicians or a *Dilettanti* Horn Blower, could not have produced a more astonishing effect.

'What—what—what's that?' he at length vociferated.

'It's only Nell,' tranquilly replied the sooty damsel; 'I always takes my child wherever I goes to sarvice.'

‘Woman! begone!’ roared forth the bachelor in tones of thunder, that drove the poor girl trembling to the door.

‘A child! Mr. Hermit;’ said he, in some degree regaining his composure; ‘a *black* child! Lord, Lord! what would they say to *that*? Don’t I look black in the face already? Have’nt I got a wooly kind of a sheepish look?—O! how tender is the reputation of man!’

‘This infatuation, Mr. Single, is absolutely farcical, and the more you indulge in it, the more ridiculous and miserable you will become. Why, Sir, I would rather laugh the world to scorn, and set the whole tribe of tea-drinkers in utter defiance, than be so preposterously fettered. I would rather sport a dozen mistresses, be the father of twenty children, and place one of them at the elbows of the twenty most determined old-maids in Christendom! I would rather scour the world for the prettiest house keeper in existence, and make my house the rallying point of beauty!—If your reputation is firmly established, you have nothing to fear: those who delight in scandal, if truth fail, will resort to falsehood; and those, whose opinions you ought to value, are sufficiently

assured of the fact, never to give credit to these tea-drinking-juntos, even when they happen to speak the truth. If the reputation of a man is subjected to the examination of a body of disappointed old women, it will always be condemned: if his character is faultless, ingenuity will furnish defects; and if he sins at all, his errors will be magnified into crying crimes, and distorted into the most hideous shapes: no acknowledgment of guilt, no reformation, however sincere, will weigh one scruple in the balance. They ferret out and hunt down the whole sex, to revenge on their descendants the bad taste of those forefathers, who condemned them to sip solitary tea in this world, and lead apes in the next.'

‘ But, Mr. Hermit, I am an unfortunate instance of worldly persecution: in my earliest days, if a *fracas* occurred at the Theatres, I was pointed out as its author, although an unconcerned spectator;—if some baby-faced boy reeled home from a dinner-party at which I was present, his indignant mamma branded *me* as the seducer of her soft headed son;—if a supper-party terminated in boisterous and ungentlemanlike riot, the whole fault rested on Pilgarlic;—

if a noise was heard at midnight in the streets—if a watchman's head was broken—if bells were rung—if knockers were sounded—if windows were smashed—if squibs and crackers were let off—if signs were torn down—if rattles were sprung,—Jack Single was always the delinquent; if some overgrown calf lost his weekly allowance at sixpenny loo, and sneaked home blubbering to his papa, he was solemnly cautioned to avoid Jack Single;—if chance or politeness bade me escort some fair damsel from an evening party, and I innocently offered her my arm, the proposal was distorted into serious professions, and I was thenceforward denied admittance into her house! If I looked at a lady, her mother trembled,—if I spoke to her, she fidgetted,—and if I danced with her, she took her home!—If I entered a book-store for a new publication, it was to purchase cards, and if I joined a dinner-party at Rubicam's, I was a frequenter of taverns.—If I was seen in the street at an early hour in the morning, I had not been at home all the night,—if I made my appearance late in the evening, I intended to remain out 'till next morning,—and if I only appeared at meridian, I had

been dissipating all the previous night, and sleeping all the morning! I became at last even a bug-bear to frighten children, and my horrid name superseded all the established horrors of the nursery;—If I made two morning-calls at the same house, the cautious mother eyed me with suspicion, and one evening visit was fatal in all cases. Nay! if I walked with a young lady in broad day-light, her afflicted parents entertained serious ideas of sending her immediately to the Magdalen Asylum!—you may ask me what monstrous crimes I had committed to merit such aversion? I answer, **NONE**; many follies, but no crimes. It was, however, my unfortunate lot, to be selected as a fit subject for maiden and matronly dissection: I was served up amid *Parfait amour*, Noyau, Cognac, Holland Gin, Macabau, Pecco-Souchong, and Buttered Rolls, at all the scandal-festivals in the city. The French never cooked eggs in as many shapes as I appeared upon the tea-tables:—Madame Parisot never cut the ‘pigeon-wing’ with as much dexterity as my character was cut up:—Monsieur Marinot never hashed sausage-meat with as much nicety as my reputation was hashed! It

was peppered and salted—smoked black—fried to flinders—stewed to tatters—frittered to flitters—boiled to rags—roasted unmercifully, and devoured voraciously! The toothless gums of the operators seemed to imbibe a new maxillary *impetus*, and no cannibals ever regaled with more savage delight.—At length the dish became stale, and new food being obtained, I was permitted, mangled and torn, to enjoy a portion of rest. Time poured its balsam into my wounds, and many heads of families, who had been led astray by the Blue-Stockings, began to think I had been abused. They found their daughters were as immaculate as ever,—that their sons were not ruined,—and that other people, besides Jack Single, played cards, drank champaigne, and made noises in the street: they discovered, moreover, my positive aversion to matrimony; that the bare mention of marriage made me shudder—that I positively groaned at the idea of a christening,---and, that the cries of a child were to me ‘aversion upon aversion; a cheese,---a cat,--- a breast of mutton,---the grinding of knives, and the snuff of a candle!’---Owing to this revolution of opinion among the least prejudiced

matrons, I gradually regained the situation which I now hold in society; and my persecutors were, at length, compelled to chime in with the general voice, and reinstate me in their favour. But I am regarded by them as a culprit whose reformation has originated from necessity,----liable and willing to relapse: every eye is on the alert, and the slightest peccadillo would destroy me. Necessity forces me to be the slave of centenary viragos, and resist all selfish considerations to deprecate their wrath. Whatever may be my inclination, I am obliged to attend morning, afternoon and evening service on the Sabbath, lest I should be anathematised as an unbeliever. If my cursed stars produce a rencontre with one of these antique virgins in the street, I must parade by her side, whilst every body we meet thrust their tongues in their cheeks, or their handkerchiefs in their mouths, to avoid laughing in my face! Fifty times have I been dragged into an apothecary's shop in search of lavender compound, mint-water or stomachic elixir! Often have I sneaked into a perfumer's to purchase a pot of pomatum, or a grisly frizette! and still more frequently our only purchase has been

a row of pins at a milliner's, or a penny-worth of rappee at a tobacconist's!—And then I am obliged to dance attendance at their evening levees;—to bellow into the ears of deafness 'till my own are deafened with the noise;—to stare at the viscous eyes of deformity 'till streams flow from mine own, in very sympathy;—to listen to some phthisicky septuaginarian until I wheeze like a broken-winded hack-horse!—to hear toothless mumbling 'till my own teeth chatter in symphony!—to pat lap-dogs—talk to parrots—wind cotton—stir the fire—play with monkeys—ring the bell—fill pin-cushions—stroke cats—thread needles—snuff candles—read the bible—and play chess!—Sometimes the penance is still greater, and I am unmercifully consigned to purgatory in company with three of the sisterhood at a whist-table! No imagination can fancy its horrors; one shaking like an aspen leaf, with the palsy;—the second groaning with the dyspepsia;—and the third black in the face with a church-yard cough! All adorned with snuffy mustachios, smelling of Hollands, and mumbling out gutturals with a vile twang of the nose! And such select conversation;—

each vieing with the others in the extent, and danger, and disagreeableness of their several complaints, and extolling their favourite remedies. ‘Patent specific ointment,’ ‘Circassian eye-water,’ ‘Mahy’s plaster cloth,’ ‘Dr. Robertson’s celebrated stomachic elixir of health,’ ‘Dr. Robertson’s celebrated gout and rheumatic drops’ and ‘Dr. Robertson’s patent stomachic bitters,’ ‘Dr. Dyott’s anti-bilious pills,’ ‘Dr. Godbold’s vegetable balm of life,’ ‘Vegetable nervous cordial,’ and cordial of all kinds;—pills, potions, lotions and boluses,—all are expatiated upon. Food of every description is analysed, condemned and recommended;—some is heating—some chilling, and some indigestible!—Can you wonder then, my dear Sir, that I am miserable?’

‘I am indeed astonished,’ was my reply: ‘not more that a man of sense should be so inconceivably deluded, than that any being in the world, however destitute of capacity, should surrender his ease and happiness into the hands of superannuated slanderers,—of wrinkled mummies, and senseless, toothless, heartless, old women. Do you believe the opinion of society is grounded upon their assertions? Or, if you are in fact innocent,

that the croaking and chattering of a gang of shrivelled spinsters can filch one atom from your good name? No, Mr. Single, if you continue under the guidance of this infatuation, you will assuredly become contemptible; in the early part of your life, you have committed errors sufficiently notorious to give probability to reported failings, of which you were actually innocent: at present, female machinations cannot prove injurious for want of an *impetus*. Abandon these detractors at once, and confine your associations to that great and happy majority of ladies, who have benevolence enough to overlook the foibles of youth, and sense enough to respect the reformation of riper years. Follow this course, and you may defy the whole host of Blue-Stockings: let it no longer be said, that any man breathing is humble enough to pin himself to the apron-string of a peevish, testy, disappointed old maid!—I would have every petticoat-pensioner thrust out of manly society, and every slave to public opinion consigned to a rice swamp;—for, believe me, however miserable the alternative, I would rather be a slave in ‘thewes and sinews’ than in soul.’

Mr. Single, as I rose to depart, promised reformation, with a discouraging shake of the head.

CHAPTER. IV.

FASHIONABLE CONVERSATION.

Now, God help thee, poor monkey.

Shaksp.

Our sensibilities are so acute
The fear of being silent makes us mute.

Cowper.

THE chief aim of Fashion is to create distinctions by which her children may be separated from the *canaille*; and this endeavour has not only been exercised in the nomenclature of dress, and the invention of peculiar terms for the benefit of particular associations, but in the general conversation of society. It must be affectedly laconic, extensively vapid, and extremely incomprehensible: the ancient meaning of words, or that appropriated to them by Johnson, and other vulgar lexicographers, must be, as much as possible, distorted, and so introduced as to give a signification entirely differ-

ent from the one thus established: for the sake of elucidation, I extract a few items of a **Fashionable Glossary** published in a periodical magazine:

AT HOME—The domestic amusement of three hundred visitors in a small room to yawn at each other.

NOT AT HOME—Sitting in your own drawing room.

BORE—Every thing that a person dislikes: it also means any person who talks of religion.

COACH-MAN—A great or accomplished gentleman.

DRESS—Half-naked.

DAY—Night: or strictly speaking, from 10 P. M. to 6 A. M.

HUSBAND—A person to pay your debts.

HOME—Every one's house but your own.

HONOUR—Standing fire well.

HIGHLY-ACCOMPLISHED—Reading music well; painting flowers for the border of a screen, and a talent for guessing charades.

MATRIMONY—A bargain.

MODEST—Sheepish.

RELIGION—Occupying a seat in some genteel church.

DINING-OUT—Getting drunk.

LOVE—Dollars and Cents.

These are but a small proportion of the various significations attached to certain words in the **Glossary of Fashion**.

Pronunciation is even more important than the due observance of the new meaning of words. The acme of this Art is to give every word a slight foreign utterance, such as in the letter **A**, which should always be pronounced broad, as **AW**: it is better, in this respect, to follow the Italian method. Every sentence must be pronounced in a slow, drawling tone, which may be readily acquired by visiting the theatres; as, '*Iee sauighe fore the pleesures ofe an ex-cur-sion toee the buor-ders ofe the o-ce-an.*'

There are certain words,—a few of which I subjoin—which must always be pronounced according to fashionable rule:—viz:

Duty	Djuty.
Tune	Tshune.
Sky	Skeei.
Master	Mauster.
Can't	Caunt.
Fortune	Fortshin.
Kind	Keeind.
Now	Neauw.

Girl	Geeirl.
New	Neeuw.
Guide	Geeide.
Interesting	Intristing.
Spirit	Speerete.
Tyrant	Tirrant.
Byron	Birron.
Moore	More.
Southey	Sutthy, &c. &c.

With attention to these suggestions a belle may soon make herself unintelligible to the vulgar classes.

A novel proposition has been made by a modern writer in England, which might be adopted very beneficially in this city: he advises an addition to fashionable phraseology altogether new and delightful. Having no doubt witnessed the voracity with which fruits are, generally, devoured, he recommends a nosological arrangement by which the fair sex may allude to all species of fruits, without the vulgar necessity of assimilating their expressions to those appellatives used by market-hucksters and green-grocers! As for example: 'Will you allow me, madam, to help you to a *cramp in the stomach?*'—'I insist, Sir, upon your trying some of that *cholera mor-*

bus.—‘Do let me send you some of this *summer-complaint*.’—‘Colonel, there is a *fit of the gout* before you; do help yourself.’—‘My dear, you will find that *stomach-ache* delicious’—&c. &c. &c.

Nothing could be more novel and unique than this new language, which would also serve as an effectual mark of distinction between gentility and vulgarity! In France communications are made by means of *flowers*, and it is certainly time that *fruits* should assist in upholding the Temple of Fashion.

Conversation in the street, in these ‘dull, piping times of peace,’ is reduced to a regular system: the same questions and answers pass and repass, and there is always the same solicitude to escape from—as there was a few years ago to meet with—a fellow lounger. At that time our gallant tars on the ocean, and our bleeding heroes on the land, afforded a buoyancy and animation to their countrymen at home, which created absolute surprise, and gave a charm to the *desœuvrement* of fashion, which seemed almost unnatural. Our Dandies skip’d nimbly about the streets, and boldly accosted each of their acquaintance with an inquisi-

tive ' *Have you heard the news?*'— but now (with the exception of a slight impulse given by the Influenza, and the Queen's Trial;) street conversation has reverted to the old channel, and is, in substance, as follows:

ADAMS and BROOKS (meeting.)

A—(Advancing as if he could not help it.) How d'y'e do Brooks?

B.—Very well, thank'ee; how do *you* do?

A.—Very well, thank'ee;—Mrs. Brooks well?

B.—Very well, I'm much obliged t'ye. Mrs. Adams and the children well, I hope.

A.—Quite well, thank'ee.

(Here Brooks, having to speak next, gives his neck-cloth a twist, and looks about a little.)

B.—Rather pleasant weather to day.

A.—Yes;—but it was cold in the morning.

B.—Yes, but that we must expect at this time o' year.

(Another brief pause;—neck cloth twisted and switch twirled.)

A.—Seen Smith lately?

B.—No, I can't say I have. (This *can't say* is a very characteristic phrase in English discourse: implying that the speaker prefers truth even to the comfort of having an answer to give, and that he wishes to heaven he *could* say it.—Brooks luckily recollects, that if he has not seen Smith, he has seen Thompson.)

B.—(In continuation.) But I have seen Thompson.

A.—Indeed! and how is he?

B.—Very well, thank'ee.

A.—I am glad of it.—Well—good morning.

B.—*Good morning!**

Having thus recorded the truly fashionable conversation of the Streets, it may be useful to give a slight sketch of those visits, fashionably called '*Morning Calls.*' The uninitiated believe, with great simplicity, that whatever they may happen to see or become acquainted with during a morning call is the result of accident alone!—for how could it be otherwise, as the ladies are not acquainted with the precise time at which their visits are to be made? Alas! the cre-

* English Magazine.

dulity of the world! Can any being, admitted into the circles of fashion, believe that when he surprises a *Belle* in her morning *dishabille*, she is not fully apprised of its advantages? Or, if he sees more of a pretty neck and a beautiful arm than is usual in such cases, that their possessor is not entirely conscious of their effects? Or, if he discovers the elegante at her piano, that she is not well aware of her superior execution and melody of voice?—Yet some of my elderly acquaintance have been ridiculously deceived by these appearances, and one of them, in particular, actually made an abrupt retreat, from the laughable idea that he had mistaken the hour of the day, and his fair hostess had only half completed the labours of her toilet!

The fact is, that among truly fashionable people, there is almost as much preparation for morning-visits as for any other description;—at least as much as for '*Thes Dan-sants*,' if not '*Bals Parés*.' Their nature depends entirely on the whims or accomplishments of the ladies. Beautiful work-boxes are arranged so as to convey the idea of domestic industry;—a half-finished Card Rack, or a Cottage Sketch, lies in an anti-

cing situation on a table covered with fanciful designs, crayons, and paint-boxes;—a beautifully written piece of music ornaments another table, together with a Double-Flageolet, a Lute, or a Guitar;—the Whole Duty of Woman, Glass's Domestic Cookery, Blair's Sermons, and the last new Novel, are scattered over the ottoman;—the Harp is so arranged as to endanger the neck of whoever enters the door, and the Piano stands open, decorated with the last fashionable Bravura. The Belle—when the knocker sounds—has a gold thimble on her finger, and is working most assiduously a beautiful flounce with a golden-eyed-needle

—One sister flies to the Card-Rack—another seizes the music—a third rushes to the Piano—a fourth accompanies her on the Harp---and their good mamma begins most devoutly to read the sermons of Dr. Blair!----At this moment the visitant is ushered into the room, and finds himself in the midst of the most industrious, interesting, accomplished, and moral of all domestic circles. He admires the open-stitch-work of one, extols the painting of another, praises the musical exection of a third and the musical voice of a fourth,—and, above all, re-

verences the religious solicitude of the careful mother. He departs with these flattering impressions:—the work boxes are stowed away, the Harp set in its corner, the Piano shut down, Dr. Blair tossed into the novel-closet, and the flounce, the card rack, and the music carefully disposed of till the next morning;—as they are all destined, for at least one season, to serve as standing ornaments, and inanimate *aids-de-camp* during such morning-calls as may occur within that period.

The conversation of morning calls is also arranged and conducted with proper order and regulations, of which the following is a comprehensive detail.

(*Mrs. and Miss Fixwell discovered, the former reading 'The Abbot,' and the latter working a lace-cap.*)

Enter Mr. Sheepish

(*He makes a bow and sits down.*)

S.—Hope you have been well, ma'am, since I had the pleasure of seeing you?

Mrs. F.—Extremely well, Sir.

S.—And you, Miss Fixwell?

Miss F.—Very well, I thank you, Sir.

(*A short pause.*)

MRS. F.—Your mother is well, I presume, Sir?

S.—Very well, I thank you, ma'am.

MISS. F.—Your sisters all well, Sir?

S.—Very well, I'm much obliged to you.
(*Another pause.*)

S.—Have you had the prevalent Influenza, ma'am?

MRS. F.—A slight attack, Sir;—it is a very disagreeable complaint.

S.—Yes, ma'am.

MISS. F.—Have you escaped it, Sir?

S.—No, ma'am; I had it severely for several days; but I hope *you* did.

MISS. F.—No, Sir; I was not so fortunate.

(*A long pause, during which Mrs. F. fingers the leaves of her book, Miss. F. makes a few stitches, and Mr. S. plays with his watch-chain.*)

S.—Very fine weather, ma'am.

MRS. F.—Extremely so:---but I am afraid we shall have some rain.

MISS. F.—I certainly hope not.

(*Mr. S. now begins to be very uneasy, looks frequently towards the door, and crosses his legs alternately.*)

MRS. F.—I expect, Sir, the theatre will open in a few days.

S.—Yes, ma'am.

MISS F.—I understand it is beautifully ornamented.

S.—So I understand, ma'am.

(*Another tremendous pause;—just as Mr. Sheepish has summoned resolution enough to rise from his chair, Mrs. F. speaks and he sits down.*)

MRS. F.—I presume, Sir, we shall have a gay winter, owing to the number of marriages.

S.—I presume so, ma'am.

MISS F.—Do you go to Miss Danceit's ball, next week?

S.—I hope to have that pleasure, ma'am.

(*Miss F. now begins to look astonished, and Mrs. F. yawns audibly; Mr. S. re-echoes it from sympathy.*)

MISS F.—Were you at any of the Watering places last summer?

S.—At Long Branch, ma'am, for two or three days.

MRS. F.—Which do you propose visiting next summer, Sir?

S.—Positively, ma'am—*not yet decided.*

(At this critical conjuncture new visitors arrive, and Mr. S., taking advantage of the bustle, makes a bow, and exit.)

The conversation of evening parties is so diffuse, owing to the size of those assemblies, that it would be impossible to condense it in a dramatic shape; this diffusion consists, however, more in the expression than the nature of the subject. In one corner we hear a dissertation on Long Branch, Yellow Springs and Schooley's mountain, and having escaped into another, are edified with remarks on Bedford, Balston, and Saratoga. One talks of Passaic Falls, and another of the Falls of Niagara;—the convenience of the Delaware steam boats is applauded by one gentleman, and the accommodations of the Hudson steam boats by another;—some canvas the merits of the last new fashion, while others form conjectures of that which is expected;—one lady talks of the author of Guy Mannering, and another of the author of Waverly;—some admire the fineness of the day, others predict a storm on the morrow, and all make the weather the leading subject of conversation:—On one side you hear a discourse concerning 'fugitive pink for occasional ef-

fect; on the other, ‘*beautiful carmine for morning bloom;*’ before you is an *élégante* elucidating the advantages of ‘*attitudinizing,*’ and behind you are a few damsels whispering about ‘*Circassian corsets for reforming busts.*’—One prude is shocked by the lowness of the upper part of one lady’s dress, and another condemns the height of the lower part of another’s;—one group of *exquisites* expatiates upon the merits of a famous trotting mare, and another applauds the performances of an equally famous running-horse;—one body of *belles* are delighted with the concert of Miss Boudet, another talk in raptures of Mrs. French, and a third chatter in amazement about the wonderful little Lewises;—Here a snug *coterie* are ridiculing the petticoat-trousers of the gentlemen, and there a band of *ruffians* are quizzing the light drapery of the ladies; in one place, the dissipated and immoral character of Mr. Soakit undergo strict scrutiny, and in another, Miss Flirtall is condemned to a like examination;—at one end of the room it is announced, that Mrs. Burnwell’s house had nearly taken fire, through the negligence of a servant, and in less than five minutes, you are informed at the other

end, that the house was totally consumed, and that Mrs. Burnwell, her six small children and her favourite lap-dog, perished in the flames!!— A new comer mentions a report of Bonaparte's escape from St. Helena, and in a few moments, you are confidentially informed (from undoubted authority,) that he is seated on the throne of France!—A quidnunc hazards the idea, that the conviction of the Queen would be attended with serious civil commotions, and you can barely walk across the room, before you are positively assured, that a revolution has taken place in England, George the fourth been beheaded, and Mr. Brougham appointed protector of the Commonwealth!!—If a lady mentions the marriage of a friend, you are speedily informed that fortune has crowned the bliss of the affectionate pair in the shape of a lovely child;— if you excuse the absence of an individual on the score of a slight head-ache or tooth-ache, in a very short time you are surprised to understand, that he is at 'the point of death,' and 'not expected to live 'till morning;—and if a *belle* be confined with indisposition to the house, she is without delay consigned to the tomb of her fathers.

Such are the leading topics of tea-party-conversation, and such the delights of tea-parties; they may assuredly rank among the worst gradation of miseries that afflict the sons and daughters of fashion. So much, however, has been said about fashionable *squeezes* and *routs*, that it is unnecessary to argue in favour of large parties and small rooms, which is a great *desideratum*: the *Goule* of the *désert* is not more frightful to the Persians than a small tea-party to the votaries of fashion. When we consider the nature of these *squeezes* as well as their conversation, we may well exclaim with Madame de Staël, '*Dans vos routs le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit.*'

With respect to the superior volubility of the female tongue at all parties, we have very satisfactory information: in Buxton's Hebrew Lexicon, Chap. 9. p. 228, (according to a friendly adviser,) it is recorded that Eve's name is derived from a word which signifies *to talk*; and, according to the opinion of the Rabbis, '*there were twelve baskets of chit-chat which fell from the heavens, and the women picked up nine of them!*'

CHAPTER V.

PHILADELPHIA AMUSEMENTS.

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens, 'tis just the fashion.
As You Like It.

Ha! then comes thronging many a wild desire,
And high imagining, and thought of fire!
Then, from within, a voice exclaims ' Aspire!'
Rogers.

THERE is perhaps no city in the world, of equal extent, more deficient in public places of amusement than Philadelphia: their introduction has been greatly retarded by the tone of sentiment introduced with the primitive settlers, which has to the present time continued to produce a decreasing effect; but it will hardly be denied, that every successive aberration from the manners, customs, and morals of our forefathers, has been attended with a correspondent decline in the virtues and happiness of society.

In those happy days of primitive simplicity, every family, in itself, was a theatre of enjoyment; fictitious excitements were not wanting to increase the pleasures of society, because every individual relied upon his own resources, or the family circle to which he was attached: the domestic fire-side was, to them, a never failing source of pleasure, where the whole family assembled, with great regularity, in the evening, to knit stockings, enjoy religious conversation, and read a chapter in the Bible. If it became necessary to pay a neighbourly visit, every individual joined in the unusual exertion: the visitation commenced at 10 o'clock of the morning, and ended with the going down of the sun. At 9 o'clock the whole city was wrapt in profound slumbers.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur cum illis: our present young gentlemen retire to rest about the time our forefathers were accustomed to rise; breakfasts have usurped the place of ancient dinners in the same ratio as the latter have taken the stations of ancient suppers. Broad-brim hats have got into disrepute, and buckram suits come to be very pleasant objects of ridicule; plain long-eared muslin caps, high neckerchiefs, and

long drab petticoats, afford vast amusement to our present race of damsels, twenty of whom might very decently (*par comparaison*) be clothed with one single maidenly dress of the 'olden time.'

At that blessed epoch it was little less than profanity, even to offer an ear to the public gaze, excepting through the doubtful texture of leno-muslin; now, the main test of fashion is the greatest exhibition of the natural surface of the body, without any defending covering at all. Long sleeves, and sleeves of all descriptions are nearly extinct;—white sattin has been substituted for linsey-woolsey, and sky-blue gauze for snuff-coloured bombazet. In fashionable life, neckerchiefs are by no means indispensable, and even the main article of female dress has suffered very material diminution.

However great may be these changes, nothing has deteriorated more than the manners of young people, as connected with courtship. In ancient times, when a youth imbibed a secret yearning towards a damsel, he arrayed himself in his Sunday suit, lengthened his features to a due degree of solemnity, put a bible into his pocket, and sallied forth to the mansion of his beloved;

every thing then depended on a sonorous, well-modulated voice, and an orthodox twang of the nose; if he succeeded in preaching himself into the good graces of the young woman, (there were no ladies in those days,) he took unto himself a wife; but if all his efforts proved unavailing, he betook himself home, and studiously endeavoured, by family practice, to make himself competent to renew the attack with more probability of success.—The course pursued by modern Dandy suitors is radically different; so far from being burdened with a pocket-bible, a bare allusion to such an article would prove decisively fatal. He anoints himself with double distilled lavender water, puts on his most enchanting smile, claps his right hand to his heart, breathes a soft sigh and a preparatory hem! and begins a long course of disconnected, common-place, silly rhodomontade, which is continued until the lady is wise enough to laugh in his face, or foolish enough to offer him her hand. In the first instance, he whistles a cotillion, wishes her a very good morning, and d—ns her thenceforward on all improper occasions: If he marries, he becomes her slave

during the honey-moon, and makes her miserable during the remainder of her life.

It would require a volume in itself to trace the long series of changes which have taken place since the foundation of our city, and at length originated, among other luxuries, the desire of fictitious pleasures, emanating from public spectacles and amusements. There are few institutions of this nature which do not, in a greater or less degree, affect the purity and morals of society. Our citizens, however, have not yet acquired that depravity of taste, which can endure those of the worst nature, and, limited as the number fortunately is, a great proportion of our exhibitions produce little or no evil effect.

At the present time two Dramatic Companies exist in Philadelphia;—the winter Tivoli theatre, and the theatre, Walnut Street. The former consists principally of performers too inferior to be admitted on the boards of more regular theatres, or too well satisfied of their own abilities to be degraded in the capacity of *mutes* and *scene-shifters*, whilst they may figure as *first-rates* in Prune Street: this minor institution, although fitted up with peculiar taste and

neatness, is in fact adapted, both in quality and price, to those classes, without whose support it would entirely fail in opposition to the Walnut Street theatre.

The splendid preparations made by the managers of the latter establishment, and the anticipated arrival of Mr. Kean, will afford attractions to the lovers of the drama, during the ensuing season, little less inviting than those arising from the masterly delineations of George Frederick Cooke.

To the introduction of stage-players our worthy progenitors were particularly opposed, and many obstacles were encountered before they became perfectly naturalised amongst us: it is a question of much doubt whether the amusement or instruction derived from their introduction are sufficient to compensate for its attendant evils.

The 'Fair Penitent' and 'Miss in her Teens' were the first theatrical performances attempted in Philadelphia, on the 15th day of April, 1754. A building, originally used as a store-house, was the place of exhibition, situate on the east side of Water, near Pine Streets. Another, better adapted to the purpose was soon after erected, by the same company, at the southwest corner

of Cedar and Vernon Streets. Great influence was used to prevent a continuance of theatrical exhibitions, and many petitions were presented to the legislature upon the subject. Friends (Quakers) were uniformly opposed to them: in 1754, the synod of Presbyterians united their influence with the popular prejudices, and petitioned the governor and legislature to prohibit all theatrical performances.*

The sons of Thespis enjoyed a humorous and satirical revenge, by immediately announcing for exhibition the 'Tragedy of Douglass, by the Rev. Mr. Home, minister of the Kirk of Scotland.'†

Mr. Hallam, (commonly called the father of the American stage,) in conjunction with Mr. Henry, erected the South Street theatre, some time before the revolutionary war: during the latter period, the whole theatrical corps sought refuge in the West Indies, but on the declaration of peace returned to this country. No exhibition, however, took

* In the year 1813, visiting theatres, as well as public balls, gaming and horse racing, were forbidden by the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia.

† Picture of Philadelphia: *et seq.*

place for a number of years, owing to prohibitory state-laws.

In 1791 the new theatre, Chesnut Street, was founded, and, when the building was completed, a company from London under the direction of Mr. Wignel, commenced their career in the winter of 1793-94. In 1805 it was considerably enlarged and improved, and in 1820 burnt to the ground.

The existing company, under the direction of Messrs. Warren and Wood, have consequently been compelled to engage the Olympic Theatre, Walnut Street, as the only building suitable to the purpose; it was built in 1809 by Messrs. Pepin and Breschard, and adapted solely to equestrian performances; in 1811, it was greatly improved by the addition of a theatre to the circus, after the model of Sadler's Wells, and the depth of the building increased from one hundred to one hundred and forty feet: its dimensions on Walnut Street (eighty feet) continue the same. The present alterations, by which it is fitted for dramatic representations alone, are said to be honourable to the taste and enterprise of the managers: the amphitheatre is converted into a spacious pit, the heavy dome has been removed, and

the stage been considerably enlarged. As the losses incurred by the destructive fire in Chesnut Street have not diminished the exertions of the managers, it is reasonable to anticipate an extensive display of fashionable patronage, during the ensuing season.

A curious evasion of the law prohibiting theatrical performances, was made use of in Boston, before its repeal in 1793, about which period the first theatre was opened in that city. The performers published bills of the following description: 'On Monday evening will be delivered at the exhibition room in Broad Alley, a Moral Lecture, enforced by the affecting history of Jane Shore, which will be alternately recited, by Messrs: Harper, Powell, &c. &c: the evening's exercises to conclude with an *Amusing Lecture* in the facetious narrative of Chrononhotonthologos!'

Concerts rank next to theatricals in fashionable estimation, although we certainly have but a moderate proportion of Catalinis: political orations, in this 'land of the Patriot,' are also fashionably attended.

'Cotillion parties,' strictly speaking, are not of a public nature, as subscriptions are sought by invitation, and not demanded by

right: the gloominess of the times, spreading over every section of society, has even annihilated, for the present winter, those agreeable assemblies.

Vauxhall and Tivoli constitute the gardens of the city; they owe no support to the patronage of fashion, and are consequently in a languishing condition.

The Museum, Chesnut Street, is a favourite resort among strangers, during the day, but owing to the heterogeneous nature of the visitors, it is in general avoided by the better class during the evening.—That in Market Street, is well enough adapted to the company by which it is supported.

There is an exhibition occasionally offered to the public, at which many fashionable gentlemen are to be seen: it consists in witnessing the follies of our fellow-creatures in a state of intoxication, not occasioned by the inordinate use of ardent spirits, but the more effectual fumes of Nitrous Oxyde Gas.

According to hand-bills circulated through the city, the fair-sex has imbibed a portion of the exhilarating-mania, and those who are philosophical enough to be the nightly witnesses of its marvellous effects on the constitution of man, may now have an op-

portunity of forming a comparative estimate of its results on the constitution of woman: it will be necessary, however, to enter a den of iniquity, and view the 'last, best gift of God' in the congregated odiousness of her depravity. Have the constitutional authorities no power to check public scenes of immorality in whatever shape they may appear?

Mr. Southey said—foolishly enough—he supposed the air of the highest heaven to be composed of Nitrous Oxyde: if such actually be the case, there is not a sensible man who has witnessed its effects in this world, who can feel any desire to undergo them in the next. This poisonous preparation sets in motion the worst, or the most ridiculous passions of the heart, manifested either in turbulence and violence, or in simple laughing, and finical dancing! It overturns the rational faculties, and takes away all self-possession; its pleasures consist in a state of forgetfulness similar to that produced by excessive intoxication:—in one word it transforms a reasonable being into a frenzied maniac.

The Academy of the Fine Arts, Sully and Earle's gallery, West's painting, the

Court of Death, the Capuchin Chapel, the Danae, Ariadne, and in general such transient works of art as may happen to possess merit, or provoke curiosity, may be added to the number of attractions operating upon the world of fashion.

Ladies of ton frequent few other public places—excepting the streets—than those already enumerated. Public balls, however, (restricted to invited subscribers,) usually close the festivities of the 22d of February, a day sacred in the annals of our history.

This meagre catalogue of amusements comprises the whole resort of fashionable circles, during the winter months, independent of private parties, which are sufficiently numerous, and, owing to the limited sphere of the first classes, generally composed of the same individuals.

The Atheneum is a favourite resort for gentlemen: the greater part, however, confine their literary researches to the columns of the newspapers, which are collected from all quarters of the continent, as well as from Europe. The trial of the Queen of England has given new attractions to this thriving institution, in the shape of English

newspapers, containing the most indecent and offensive examinations that ever disgraced the annals of a British Parliament. In our plebeian estimation, it is a most impudent attempt to repudiate the wife of such a man as George the Fourth, on the score of inconstancy; and I think few disinterested persons on this side of the Atlantic will refuse to agree with an Eastern Editor, that if the criminality of the Queen is incontestably established, it will precisely qualify her for the company of her royal consort. A re-union might possibly create some confusion in the domestic arrangements of the Marquis of Hertford, but it is more probable a family understanding would take place, resulting in the appointment of Count Bergami to a distinguished situation in her majesty's house-hold. He might be nominated first lord of her majesty's bedchamber, and perform the duties of his station, without fear of a Milan commission, or the *non mi ricordos* of perjured Italians. On the other hand the king would be relieved from the dread of encountering new lord Yarmouths in the new perambulations in which he would be compelled to engage!

The Philadelphia Library would be a fruitful source of amusement and instruction to the fashionable circle, if literature had not, in general, been denounced as '*excessively vulgar*,'—always excepting works of fiction and the Drama: in some instances, however, *La Belle Assembleé* and *Ackermann's Repository* are translated from the black cases of the Library, to the satin wood table of a belles *boudoir*.

But the extensive dissemination of knowledge and praise-worthy habit of reading, originating from this useful institution, have been of immense consequence to a great proportion of our citizens. The plan of the Library was suggested by Dr. Franklin, and carried into effect in the year 1731. The trifling sum of one hundred pounds, collected by subscription, was the foundation of the present library, now containing—together with the *Loganian*—about thirty-thousand volumes! a charter of incorporation was obtained from the then proprietaries of Pennsylvania in 1742, and a coalition took place in 1769 with various other detached library-companies, existing in Philadelphia.* The funds arising from the an-

* Preface to Catalogue.

nual payments of stockholders are devoted to the purchase of American productions of merit, and the importation of foreign books, under the direction of gentlemen, whose activity and intelligence have greatly contributed to promote the interests of the institution. In all societies, however, there are busy, meddling men, who are never satisfied without obtruding themselves into public notice, however ill-qualified they may be to undergo public examination; rather than remain in the safety of obscurity, they encounter the dangers of popular ridicule, and by dint of perseverance, positively compel their fellow-citizens to recollect there are such beings in existence;

‘Half wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.’*

This spirit has been, on several occasions, excited in opposition to the present directors without having produced any effect on the good sense of the stockholders, who are too well satisfied with the flourishing condition of the institution, and the long tried integrity of their delegates, to gratify a petty ambi-

* Dryden.

tion, by hazarding a change in the direction.

Cocking, to which English ruffians are so generally addicted, is limited to a very small number of Philadelphia fashionables: several cock-pits, however, exist in the neighbourhood of the city, under the superintendence of men, who have nothing further to dread from the opinion of the world. Towards a certain quarter, there is one of higher rank, to which some of our *aspirants* have the misfortune to belong: this barbarous predilection subsides with the rude passions of youth, and I do not know one veteran Cocker to disgrace the character of our city.

The savage pleasures of public pugilism would probably agree with the creed of fashion, were it not for the benevolent intervention of the law: Philadelphia has never yet been disgraced by a regular *Set-to*, and since the disappearance of Benson, the art itself has not been supported by a resident professor. I am not included among those fastidious gentlemen, who are virtually opposed to the whole science of pugilism: on the contrary it is, in my view, a manly exercise, conducive alike to safety and

health. The lower orders of society, by habits of labour and education, are comparatively gifted with a muscular strength, which cannot be obtained in the lap of luxury and indolence; to this corporeal superiority is too often joined a low-bred insolence, and a disposition to insult and abuse those who are their superiors in all other respects. The dissemination of the pugilistic art, not attainable by the lower classes, would in the course of time, gradually place the weak on a footing with the strong, and finally extirpate, by means of manual examples suited to the capacities of the delinquents, the overbearing impertinence of hack-drivers, wood-sawyers, carters, and dray-men. Tobacco-smoke would not be puffed in the faces of our ladies at every corner, nor white-silk-stockings jostled into the gutters, by every athletic and malicious porter. The aristocracy of fashion and gentility would be more clearly recognised, and the farce of relative republican equality cease to ornament every ragged vagabond with the same attributes as a gentleman. Stump-operators may persuade the outlaw or the renegado, that the moment he sets his foot upon our shores, he is made equal to the

best blood of the land, but in all civilised societies, an aristocracy must and will exist, either founded on letters, family, or fortune: it is either a *de jure*, as existing in Great Britain, or a *de facto* aristocracy, as existing in this country; and the power thus enjoyed by blood, by riches, and by learning, is as extensively exercised, and produces as great an effect over the minds of the lower orders of people.

Horse racing is interdicted by law, although the respective courses at Germantown and Bristol have, within a few years, been devoted to that amusement;—perhaps innocent and serviceable in itself, no feelings of gratification, no improvement in the breed, can at all compensate for the wide encouragement to intemperance and gambling afforded by the sufferance of turfsmen.

Private trotting matches are more frequent, being confined, in general, to thriving butchers, industrious bakers, designing tavern-keepers, and gentlemen horse-jockeys.

Hunting is quite incompatible with the delicacy of high life, although a club of enterprising gentlemen formerly supported a

kennel of fox-hounds in the neighbourhood of this city.

Sporting, which is decidedly too fatiguing to be endured by the pampered frames of our exquisites, is more generally known in theory than in practice: Platina-bushed, double-twisted barrelled, patent-breeched fowling-pieces, with water-proof, rolling locks, hair-triggers, and all other modern improvements,—patent double shot-pouches,—beautifully ornamented two-pound-powder flasks,—and capacious game bags, with all manner of apparatus, are generally included among the paraphernalia of a Philadelphia blood. He is followed by a brace of lazy, fat, pampered pointers, branded of course, and talks most knowingly of right-and-left shots, winging grouse, and earthing partridges: but this constitutes the extent of his knowledge, and if the necessity of preserving some degree of consistency, or the charms of a sporting *frolic*—which are most powerful—force him annually into the field, he always contrives to associate with more experienced marksmen, and practical sportsmen, who are benevolent enough to support his credit by concealing his defects. Although he may not have bag'd a single

bird, he returns home loaded (according to sporting rule,) with his proportion of the general prey, talks most valiantly (according to sporting rule,) of having missed but one bird in fifteen successive shots, and does not (contrary to sporting rule,) recover from the exertion of following his companions, for some weeks to come: the whole apparatus is then carefully deposited in a secure place, until the next annual excursion.

Such is a brief outline of a portion of those amusements, by which the idle children of fashion are relieved from the constant empire of *ennui*, and which contribute to the important object of 'Killing Time.'

CHAPTER VI.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

Let me have a child at fifty.

Shaksp.

As with soft accent round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart.

Rogers.

CHILDREN are pretty much the same all over the world: it is in their education alone, that a great variation is originated, which grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength. Separate a Chinese infant from its parents at the moment of its birth, nurture it in a christian country, confer upon it a careful education, and it will be in vain to search for any characteristic marks of its nativity; indeed, the change of climate, of manners, and of customs, would in some degree destroy even the singularity of personal distinction.

It is doubtful whether—laying aside constitutional defects,—one being is brought into the world, gifted with higher powers than another; or, what is precisely the same thing, ordained and predestined to excel when it has just reached the threshold of life. *Poeta nascitur non fit* is, according to my view, a very absurd maxim, notwithstanding the counteracting testimonies of Bloomfield, or Hogg, or Cleveland, or Clare: some peculiar infantine association of ideas, perhaps not clearly comprehended by themselves, are the acting principles which form Poets of nature; at an age when the mind is susceptible of every impulse, and open to every impression, it may receive, from a particular conjunction of circumstances, a distinct bias which will remain its distinguishing feature through life;—but its origin is not in the womb.

The bodily disposition has a material effect on that of the mind; nor is it confined to the infant alone, which is often destined, through the defects of its parents, to eke out a life of miserable inutility. But this is confined solely to whatever effect may be produced by the inheritance, or casual possession of bodily indisposition, acting upon the

mental feelings of the infant through the first stages of nature, and acquiring strength as it progresses towards maturity: a youth of suffering seldom fails to produce a melancholy, a testy, an impatient, or, perhaps, a criminal disposition. Yet the mental temperament of the parent can have no influence over that of the child; it might as well be said that a highwayman and a murderer produce highwaymen and murderers,—that a judge produces a lawyer, or a professor of physic, a young apothecary: all these offspring may, in all probability, follow the steps of their fathers, naturally receiving a pre-disposition to embrace the course of life, in the daily contemplation and knowledge of which they have been educated. The sons of seamen generally become sailors, and a flourishing cordwainer bequeaths his stock, customers, and talents to his posterity;—yet cabin-boys and shoemakers are made, not born. But, notwithstanding the universality of this bias, it may be superseded by others, sufficiently powerful to overcome every obstacle to their expansion, and force the possessor from the paternal path; it is confined to no particular station, and equally sways the peasant and the prince,—

the maker of kingdoms, and the maker of shoes. It is originated by a peculiar series of impressions, adapting the tone of, and operating upon minds, free from counter-vailing dispositions.

This inclination of the mind, so mysteriously received and so powerful in its operation, is the acting principle that ennobles or degrades man; it leads him along the path of fame and virtue, or seduces him into the by-ways of shame and wickedness; it bids him plod along through life without an effort, or urges him to rise above the level marked out to him by the situation of his progenitors; it makes him happy or miserable, great or insignificant. The offspring of the wisest men have been consigned to the cells of a hospital, or loaded with the curse of hopeless idiotism; the children of the best fathers have perished in the gloom of a prison, or amid the horrors of a public execution. The sons of parents "broad-blown in crimes," have shaken off the seeds of corruption, and stood forth in the loveliness of virtue; and the unlettered boor, or the mechanic without one idea elevated above his handicraft, have given life to constellations of the first magnitude in the sphere of literature.

If we look back to the early days of Gifford, the elegant translator of Juvenal, the accomplished satirist, we find he was a shoemaker! If we look among the dramatic writers, we find that Holcroft was a shoemaker! If among the poets, Bloomfield was a shoemaker! If among the stars of oriental literature, Dr. Carey was a shoemaker!

However difficult it may be, either to particularise the exact period of acquired pre-disposition, or analyse the secret operation, or describe the almost imperceptible causes that influenced the adoption of a mental bias so opposite to their actual situation in life, and induced them to encourage, by subsequent education, the propensities of their minds, it appears more probable that such was (and ever will be) the case, than to believe it accompanied them into the world.

Such is the importance of early attention to the education of children, and such are the solemn duties attached to the situation of a parent.

I have been led to make these observations after a short visit to a young cousin of mine, with a good husband, a fine looking boy, and a charming little girl. I love children, and their innocent prattle, and can

make all due allowance for the vehemence of their uncontrolled passions; but if there is any thing in human nature, calculated to strengthen the vows of a bachelor, it is a spoiled child!

My cousin Harriet, some six years ago, was the soul of gayety: she was not quite eighteen, beautiful as Hebe, and as much admired as Penelope. Her life had been a soft dream, in which bright and happy visions floated in endless succession before her: she trod upon flowers, and lived upon their fragrance. Sorrow was known but in name,—happiness revelled in continued reality: her sparkling eyes had never been quenched in tears, nor her blooming cheeks blanched in suffering. She was the centre of attraction—the toast of the town—the focus of admiration—the rallying point of fashion. Her power was undisputed, and crowds of suitors bowed before her.

These were the halcyon days of her life, when the buoyancy of youth was rendered more elastic by the animation of unruffled spirits, and the invigorating influence of universal admiration.

She married:—and a brighter dawn never ushered a happier pair into the morning of

life. Adored by each other, beloved by all, and revelling in riches, they entered the matrimonial career.

But I pass over the earlier stages of their happiness: so blissful was their existence, they scarcely seemed to live: it resembled a long trance, opening to their view the beauties and the holiness of a better world. When the beautiful Harriet placed a lovely babe into the arms of its fond father, one might have thought that the spirits of angels had descended among the little group, so perfect was their happiness. Alas! that it should have been the germe of its destruction.

Little Alfred was the delight of his young mother, and the pride of his young father; he was a prodigy in size,—a miracle in beauty; such blue eyes had never been seen, and such fat cheeks had never been created. Half a dozen aunts found as many distinct marks of personal excellence, and thrice the number of cousins recorded their testimony in favour of the incomparable baby. Such a heavenly disposition had been hitherto unknown:—if he fretted, he was certainly sick, and if he laughed, he was certainly dandled and pestered until he fretted. Whether awake or asleep, his anxious mother was in continual apprehension: if he would not sleep

at the usual time, some horrible accident had deranged his nervous system, and if he would not wake, an unnatural torpor was apprehended. If the door was opened in July, he was guarded by a Cashmere shawl—if in December, by the addition of two fur mantles: if he sneezed, he was imprisoned in the nursery for a week, and if he coughed, two physicians were immediately called in!

Time passed along, during which the once gay and fashionable Harriet was a voluntary prisoner in her own house, subjected to a thousand needless alarms, and dispirited by a constant succession of maternal, but misplaced anxiety. Confinement blighted the bloom of her cheek, and sleepless nights dimmed the lustre of her eyes: she seemed alive only to the health and safety of her first-born; fancied ills created a regular state of apprehension, but when sickness actually appeared, her feelings were frenzied.

Alfred, however, survived the attacks of disease, and—still more astonishing—the kindness of his nurses: during this period he triumphed over the measles, and the hooping-cough—was vaccinated—had the croupie twice, and the mumps once—sneezed and coughed sundry times—cried al-

ways—and had several attacks of pain in the stomach. The fond mother has enabled me (in common with her acquaintance,) to be thus particular, as the plague in London, the cholera morbus in Bengal, or the yellow fever in Philadelphia, are not more religiously remembered, or solemnly alluded to, than the sufferings of little Alfred.

Young as he was, he had occasioned much domestic disquiet. A dozen nurses had administered to the wants of the precious infant in as many months. One was discharged for giving him burnt pap;—another for scratching his arm with a pin;—a third, for treading upon his silver rattle, which occasioned a severe fit of crying, supposed to have caused a slight inflammation in one of his eyes;—a fourth, for immoderate eating, supposed to have imparted a gross habit to the infant, and occasioned a small pimple to appear in the corner of his mouth;—a fifth for permitting the child to cry several minutes without calling its mother;—a sixth, for crossing the street with Alfred in her arms (a carriage being in sight,) contrary to express orders;—a seventh, on account of the ugliness of her face, which might convey a correspondent impression to the

susceptible features of the baby;—an eighth, for a visual obliquity, which Harriet imagined little Alfred sometimes endeavoured to imitate;—a ninth, for having been crossed in love, and thereby rendered unfit to afford that cool and refreshing sustenance adapted to the preservation of health;—a tenth, for having drawn a prize in a lottery, producing, from excess of joy, an equally prejudicial effect;—the eleventh died of a consumption, brought on from sudden change of diet from fat pork, raw cabbage, and dough dumplings, in the country, to water-gruel, panado, and chicken-broth, in town, at that time considered indispensable in promoting the health of the child;—and finally, the twelfth was turned out of doors, for removing a white-damask-double counterpane from the cradle, one hot evening in August!

Nor were these evils limited to the nurses: several footmen were discharged on various accounts; one for slamming a door and irritating the baby's nerves;—another, for neglecting to remove a boot-jack, which might have overturned the nurse had she passed at that time with Alfred in her arms;—and a third for washing the outside of the windows while Alfred was in the room. One

cook-maid was dismissed for having overloaded the child's stomach with a mint-drop, and a poor coachman lost his place, because he suffered a pair of young mettlesome horses to break their walk while Alfred was in the carriage. Even his mother's sister had nearly fallen into disgrace, because she would not permit him to play with a new lace veil, and his uncle Jack was hardly forgiven, for refusing his jewelled chronometer.

It was a general rule, as he advanced in years, to allow him to follow his own will: he had every thing he cried for, and he cried for every thing. His young mother established it as a principle, that opposition would only increase the violence of his temper, and that concessions would tend to produce that happy equanimity attendant upon gratified desires; besides which, violent fits of crying were destructive to health, and sudden gusts of passion might rupture a blood vessel.

The father is a sensible man, and after the lapse of three or four years, the first burst of paternal feeling having considerably subsided, he began to consider the necessity of imposing a salutary restraint upon the headstrong passions of his son. The task was

difficult, and when, after repeated efforts, he absolutely forced himself to apply manual chastisement, the fond mother looked upon him with horror and disgust: the sobbing child was taken to her bosom, loaded with maternal regrets and caresses, which at length were re-echoed by the repentant father, and was thus encouraged by every thing but words, to commit the same faults for which he had been punished. New outrages, however, called for a repetition of chastisement: the father corrected, the mother consoled, and the child sinned again.

At length the birth of a daughter furnished new claims to the attentions of Harriet, who, by occasional punishment, had already begun somewhat to coincide in the opinions of her husband, relative to the management of her son. But before this union of sentiment was effected, the ungovernable boy had inflicted many a severe pang in the breasts of his parents. They—who loved so affectionately, that their very existence seemed to centre in each other—were not proof against the frailties of our nature. Often did the big tear roll down the cheek of Harriet, as her husband expatiated upon the folly and criminality of indulging the way-ward

passions of youth, and the heavy responsibility attached to the mother, who nurtured and fomented the evil seeds of her child's disposition; and often did the contracted brow of the father frown upon the wife, whose maternal solicitude deprecated the cruelty and inutility of infant correction. But those moments were like black clouds passing over a bright moon; for a moment all is dark, but light bursts forth again in renovated splendour.

But alas! the clouds grew darker and less fleeting. The daughter was educated in the footsteps of the son; her sex demanded the most careful attentions, and as a "first daughter," she was most dear to the heart of her mother. The father remonstrated,—the mother was inexorable. The son now callous to punishment, peevish in his disposition, ungovernable in his passions, regardless of truth, eternally in mischief, an annoyance to the whole household, the dread of visitors, was in vain pointed out as a warning beacon. The disposition of a female would preclude the possibility of a like result; her sex would not endure a mode of treatment that might have been advantageously applied to the son: and in fine, the father, more

than half disposed to indulge his newly awakened feelings, surrendered in part to the arguments of Harriet, and the little Amelia bids fair to become a second Alfred.

But this continued mismanagement was not conducted without repeated altercations, and the happy couple, who once looked up on a difference of opinion as beyond the regions of possibility, are now involved in the most trifling disputes.

Poor Harriet casts many a lingering glance towards those youthful days, when her will was absolute, and the lustre of her smile was reflected from a thousand admiring adorers; when one glance from her blue eye, or one word from her coral lips, were gifts precious as the mines of Potosi! Hanging over the couch of a sick child, or soothing the passions of a spoiled one, she often meditates on the "olden time," when free as the breeze of heaven, she laid down to rest only to awaken to a new day of happiness and triumph.

The lustre of her eye is fled; the rose is withered on her cheek; her lip is pallid, and neglect has fixed its empire in her whole person. Spiritless and wretched, the morning of her days is wasted in unavailing re-

penitance. The affections of her husband gradually weakened, the offspring of their union converted into sources of discord and desolation; the past, all felicity, and the future, all pain,—the once blooming belle is but the shadow of her former self.

I leave this subject to the serious consideration of all parents, confident as I am, that it is oftentimes in an early stage of childhood, that the mind of man receives that important pre-disposition, commonly called a natural faculty, which is to be his ruling star through the night of this world, and lead him to distinction or disgrace. “He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.”

CHAPTER VII.

ELECTIONS.

Thy frank election make; thou hast power to chuse.
Shakspeare.

So did this town, with steadfast zeal,
Weave cobwebs for the public weal,
Which when completed, or before,
A second vote in pieces tore:
They met, made speeches, full long-winded,
Resolved, protested, and rescinded:
Addresses signed, then chose committees,***
M'Fingall.

WHEN the passions of party are excited, the annual election in Philadelphia becomes a scene of violent commotion.

A large proportion of our citizens being opposed to the late system of non-intercourse, the embargo, and subsequent war with Great Britain, the contemporary elections were attended with peculiar animosity, and not seldom disgraced with fighting and bloodshed. Mobs composed of the dregs of each party,

and encouraged by more respectable partisans, paraded the streets, and too often transformed the theatre of elective franchise into a reversed aristocracy, where the supreme power was lodged in the hands of the mobility! Peaceable citizens were driven from the ground, or quietly surrendered their privileges, rather than hazard the dangers of the fray.

At that time if men cried aloud for peace, they were “traitors;” and if they opened their mouths in support of war, they were “war-hawks;” French interest swayed the man who cursed the Orders in Council, and British gold lined the pockets of him who condemned the Berlin and Milan decrees.

Those troublesome times have gone by, and our elections are now conducted with a goodly proportion of moderation, manually speaking; but verbal altercation and abuse suffer little or no diminution.

Curiosity has often tempted me to examine into the whole routine of elections: with the view of accomplishing this object, I attended the preparatory ward meeting, voted at the ward election, and pursued my final researches at the general election in October. It was a fatiguing task, but patience

and perseverance bore me along; not a few patriots have gained a seat in the Common Council itself, by following, during some eight or ten years, the very course I have adopted; indeed I received a pretty broad insinuation from a respectable foreigner, that a few years perseverance might place me in the road to preferment, in the capacity of a member of the committee of vigilance.

Pursuant to public notice, I attended the meeting of citizens residing in our ward, at the house of Mrs. —, and was ushered into a room somewhat larger than an ordinary clothes-press. The meeting had been organized, and consisted of the chairman and secretary, together with two quiet looking gentlemen, modestly seated in a corner.

The chairman having stated the object of the meeting, expatiated at considerable length upon the proud rights of American freemen, and the glorious immunities of universal suffrage, during which the secretary fell asleep, and the two gentlemen went to the bar to talk with the landlady, over a pot of beer. He at last came to a conclusion in the following words:—"Yes, gentlemen, it is indeed a proud source of congratulation, that in this favoured land of liberty, every

individual, acknowledging allegiance to the government, is interested in the appointment of its officers;—that every office, however important, is either directly or indirectly filled by the mighty will of the sovereign people: therefore, gentlemen, it becomes my duty to submit to this respectable meeting, the appointment of two Inspectors and one Assessor for this ward.”

The violence with which his fist—clenched in oratorical energy---came in contact with the table, roused the meeting, and the absentees, finding the oration was concluded, returned to their stations among the citizens of the ward.

“*Il a traité cela bien au long;*” said the Frenchman, taking a pinch of snuff.

“Who shall nominate the Inspectors?” demanded the chairman.

“The chairman,” quoth the secretary.

I mentioned the name of an old and respectable inhabitant, but the chairman shook his head significantly. A decent pause ensued, when the chairman nominated the secretary;—another decent pause, and the secretary nominated the chairman.

“Shall these be Inspectors for the ward?” said the chairman.

One of the meeting nodded his head, and the other chimed in.

“Who shall be Assessor?” again inquired Mr. Chairman. Not a word!—the question was repeated; still not a word; and for three very sufficient reasons. One of the meeting was an Irishman, who did not know an individual in the ward, the other was a Frenchman, who did not comprehend a syllable that was spoken, and as for myself, the bad success of my first nomination gave me no encouragement to hazard a second.

At length the secretary nominated the chairman’s brother, and the appointments were complete, excepting a committee of vigilance, consisting of fifty! It required considerable exertion of memory on the part of the chairman and secretary, but they at length filled up the number, among which were my two fellow citizens: the forward spirit I had manifested at the commencement of the business deprived me of the honour of an appointment.

Cigars—“the never failing accompaniment of all American assemblies”*—and a bottle of wine, had been called in, and the

officers of the meeting ought, in all conscience, to have liquidated the bill: the merry son of Erin, however, (upon a motion for adjournment, made by the secretary, and carried by the chairman) finished the bottle, while the ex-president deposited the remaining cigars in his pocket.

“*Helas!*” cried the *citoyen*, “*notre pays ici se trouve dans une situation affreuse;*—*mais, enfin, c'est un pays de cocagne!*”

The next morning at breakfast, I observed the proceedings of the preceding evening in the papers, comprehending an analysis of the chairman’s address, delivered “to a large and respectable meeting of the inhabitants of —— Ward!!” I afterwards learned the same address had been annually delivered for many years, by the same worthy chairman.

The steps of the common political ladder in this city, are, to a certain height, gradual and easy of ascent: a wide gap then intervenes, which few adventurers are able to surmount; the great majority fall through into their original nothingness, or if they gain a precarious grasp, are readily shaken off by the next more competent competitor. After reaching the acme of city legislation,

this unfortunate gap opens before a seat in the legislature of the state, and the next breach becomes almost impracticable.

The progress of a Philadelphia politician is guided by system: at an early age the adventurer becomes the constant attendant of constable's elections and ward meetings—comes to be a member of committees of vigilance—is the most industrious ticket-folder on the committee—parades the election ground with placards—distributes tickets—rides about in carriages papered over with caricatures and party manifestos—bullys his adversaries, and contrives to get a black eye or a broken head!—After a time he attracts the attention of the incumbents, who from time immemorial, have annually filled the offices appertaining to our city districts, and comes to be a clerk and a secretary: his views now begin to expand, and he is racked with all the torments of political jealousy: he takes especial care to be first comer at all public meetings, that he may possess at least that claim to the office of secretary. If a rival succeeds, he passes a sleepless night, and if his ambitious projects are realised, he rises at day-light to see his name in the morning papers.

He now possesses an excellent chance—provided he is a *bon vivant*—of becoming a clerk of the general election and dining in the State-House-Hall; and should any of the incumbents happen to leave this world of misery, he may possibly step into their shoes as a judge of the ward election or inspector of the general.

There are now two courses to be pursued, equally calculated to promote the end in view.

Should the *aspirant* be a prudent young man, he assumes a sanctimonious exterior, writes religious tracts, and prates about the abolition of slavery. He attends all charitable meetings, becomes a member of the **Orphan Asylum**, and a distributor of wood, subscribes to the house of industry, and ladles out soup to the poor: he ferrets out families in distress—furnishes them with petitions—and subscribes his own name in large characters at the head of the list: he becomes guardian of the poor, manager of the alms house, and contributor to the hospital. He insinuates himself into all charitable associations as manager, secretary, or treasurer, and manages to appear continually in the daily prints in some benevolent

capacity: he contributes to all beneficent purposes of a public nature, if he has any money, or contrives to become the collector, if he has not where-withall to make himself munificently notorious. He will kick a beggar out of his house in private, and take him by the hand in the street.

All this appearance of sanctity readily imposes upon the religiously-inclined members of society, who are pretty generally more conversant with the mysteries of the next, than the wisdom of the present world. The influence of a moral and religious man is secretly felt even by the profligate, and however unwilling he may be to acknowledge the ascendancy of virtue, he is more or less guided by it in his public demeanour.

The political candidate having procured the support of the better part of the community, finds himself in the broad road to preferment, and (provided his hypocrisy continues undiscovered,) becomes a law-maker in the capitol at Harrisburg, or a city regulator in the state-house at Philadelphia!

The other method is of a contrary nature, and should either be preferred, is perhaps most likely to ensure success. The candidate must then frequent ale-houses, be

a constant attendant at taverns, and not even consider himself above Water-Street oyster cellars and tippling shops:—he must become the boon companion, and ‘hail fellow well met’ of every blackguard in Southwark, Moyamensing and Penn:—learn to become an expert dog-fighter, and delight in bull-baiting;—canvass the merits of an ox with every butcher in Spring garden, and talk about cattle-fodder and calves with every booby in the Neck;—he must study the ‘History of the four kings,’ and be ‘cheek-by-jowl,’ ‘cap-in-hand,’ and ‘hand-to-fist,’ with every black-leg in the city;—he must attend scrub races, wink at his neighbour’s wives, fondle his friend’s daughters, and swear like a trooper!—

A knowledge of cock-fighting is indispensable; he must be an old cocker,—know how to handle his cock,—fight half-a-dozen mains per week,—be his own matcher and feeder,—keep a regular stive,—and talk about gaffs and slashers, blooming stags and Shropshire reds like the manager of the cock pit royal! He must be a ‘bruiser’ withal, and up to all the slang of the fancy!—*mill his man, fib his nob, spill claret, darken day-lights, and plump peepers!*

—He must furthermore learn to play all-fours, checkers, chuck-penny, snake, and shuffle-board,—lose with a pleasant oath and never win when he can avoid it. He must attend all political meetings, and, if he be a lawyer, never fail to make a speech; if he be not gifted with ideas to compose, or oratorical powers to deliver an oration, he must cry '*Ay*' to every thing in a sonorous tone of voice, and on proper occasions, *Hurra!* like a Cossack.—In fine he must laugh with fools, talk with scoundrels, shake hands with every body in a shabby coat, and walk arm in arm with every body 'in shirt-sleeves!'

By these various means he gains an ascendency over the dissolute and idle, which is skilfully and by degrees extended to better classes, and finally secures to him an office of honour, or,—what is more enviable —of profit.

At length the day appointed for the ward election arrived, and I attended punctually at 2 o'clock to assist in choosing its judges; the real minority proved triumphant, owing to the introduction of auxiliaries, drawn off from the over-plus of a neighbouring ward. Nothing material occurred during the day,

excepting the close examination of persons who had never lived out of the ward, and the easy acceptance of others who had never lived in it. My two old acquaintances plied their tickets at the door, jabbering their respective tongues with a consequential vivacity.

The second Tuesday in October ushered in the day of the general election, when every man entitled to record his vote, or likely to be accepted, abandons his daily vocation to regulate the affairs of the nation. It is a scene of bustle and animation: the healths of the favourite candidates are quaffed as long as their names can be pronounced, and politicians expatiate on their merits, as long as they can find any one to listen to them. Flags are displayed at the various rendezvous, where any man may get drunk *gratis*—provided he votes the ‘right ticket:’ placards surmounted with ludicrous and slanderous caricatures are posted up at the corners, directing their abuse according to the principles (I mean political,) of the inventors; one tears down, whilst another posts up—and both are knocked down in the scuffle: the best invented falsehoods are published in manifestos, as they

excite more irritation from their plausibility.

The man, whose wife and children depend upon the daily labours of his hands for support, leaves them without bread to discuss the domestic vices of some unpopular candidate;—the drunkard hiccups forth a moral lecture on his dissipated course of life, and the official defaulter proclaims the rottenness of his political principles. The deeds of his childhood, the errors of his youth, are all set forth in terrible array; beardless politicians magnify into crying crimes, faults that were committed before they were born, and gray headed office-hunters condemn errors in which they participated. Patriotic Americans, born in all the countries of christendom excepting America, convert the theatre of election into a lively representation of the Tower of Babel.

As there appeared to be no serious disturbance, I mingled in the crowd, and soon found myself among a knot of politicians.

‘ By the powers! and it’s the land of fraud, any how.’

‘ Parbleu! you may say dat, mon ami;—it is de country of l’indépendence.’

‘Cot pless her! this is the crand tay for the free-porn people!’

‘If sic a day as the like could shine i’ the north of England, it would mak the blude o’ the borough-mongers a wee bit colder, I’m of opinion.’

‘Hurra! fur Fintlee!—mit goot mens on de dicket, and goot offishers in de stade, we are de habbiest beeblees in de worlt.’

‘Hand the most brave and honourable!—Ou would we never ave hasserted hour hindependence, hor umbled the hovergrown hinsolence of hold Hengland with-hout bra-very and honour?’

‘Libertad y Indépendencia para los Americanos!’

‘Richessa, Felicita e Fama per sémpre!’

Irish,—French,—Welch,—Scotch,—Dutch,—English,—Spanish,—and Italian Americans!——I registered my vote in favour of the old Revolutionary Patriot, returned home, retired to bed, and dreamed of a CUCKOO’S NEST.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOTTERIES AND QUACKS.

Then is an ape, a doctor to such a man. *Shakspe.*

Go teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself and be a fool. *Pope.*

As it regards the spirit of the crime, Quack medicines are as much instruments of murder as the dagger of an assassin, and lotteries as much gambling as pharo or vingt-un. In fact there is more probability of escape in the first instance, and less chance of loss in the second. The man who undergoes a course of quack-medicine, might as well swallow aconite, or arsenic;—and he who adventures his capital in a lottery, might as well cast it into the high-way. Their food is the lives and fortunes of men.

Lotteries are the only legalised species of gambling in this city, solely excusable by the end for which they are instituted; but the end cannot justify the means. Is that church holy, which is built upon the hard earnings of seduced and disappointed poverty? Can that monument be an honourable memorial, which owes its elevation to the mite of the poor man, wrenched from his suffering family, by the seductions of its projectors?—Better would it be that no canal should ever flow through our state,—that no monument should ever be instituted,—that no church should ever be erected, than that it should be done at the expense of public morals and private happiness.

If, therefore, we examine minutely into the nature of lotteries, we find the only plea that can be advanced in their justification, is the beneficial purposes for which they are created. But the admission of such a doctrine would subvert all our established principles of equity and morality, because—if once admitted—its circuit cannot be restrained, and it would operate with equal force in all cases. False reasoning may build up plausible excuses for the commission of every species of vices and crimes.

The evils of horse racing, and the immorality of turf-gambling are palliated by the improvement of the breed;—bull-baiting imparts new juiciness and tenderness to the food of man;—and even cocking, the most barbarous of all amusements, is gifted with hypothetical advocates: ‘Weighed, however, in the balance of reason and fact,’ says Mr. William Henry Scott, ‘it is attended with the *least cruelty* of all our diversions; I shall be very expeditious with my proof. *The game cock is kept in a state of happiness and comfort, until the day of battle, he cannot then be forced, but in fighting is actuated by his natural instinct—is, in fact, gratified; and if he fall by his adversary’s weapon, he is the sooner out of the sense of pain!**—Infanticide may find its supporters among followers of the Stagyrite, and parenticide be an act of mercy towards the gray hairs, and venerable feebleness of our fathers! Any individual might feel himself justifiable in imitating the cobler of Messina, who reformed the morals of the city by assassinating all those who, according to the test of his own judgment, were deserving of

punishment. In fine, the attainment of a beneficial object would be sufficient to justify the means, however morally flagitious they might be.

From those who are conscientiously opposed to gambling in a general sense, I would demand, In what peculiar principles does a lottery disagree with the *worst* species?— The primordial features are the same, the progressive interest is at best equal, and to a certain extent, the consequences are uniform: But the question naturally arises, if such be its unison with the *worst* species of gambling, in what degree is it excelled by the *best*?

Such is the extent and variety of this vice, that a graduated scale of games and gaming, scientifically arranged in distinct classes, could alone convey an idea of the various degrees of guilt attached to its commission. The dowager who plays picquet for an eagle, cannot be compared to the father of a family who gambles for a thousand: the gentleman who wins a few dollars at a *loc-table*, must not be estimated by the standard of the sharper, who entices youth, revels upon inexperience, and sends ruin and desolation to the mansions of happiness!

The arguments in favour of fair gaming when opposed to lotteries, consist,—1. In the respective chances—2. In the want of correspondent inducements, and—3. In the comparative limitation of its effects.

Firstly, with regard to the chances, on which point little need be said. The risk at fair gaming is equal, or if it vary, it is attributable to superior skill or science: in certain games, strictly speaking of chance, there is no distinct advantage. In lotteries the chances are, in general, as two or three to one against the adventurer, (embracing the whole body of minor prizes,) and as the drawings proceed, a progressive increase in the value of the stakes continues that advantage; but laying aside those minor prizes,—the gaining of which incurs the loss of a high per centage on the original stake, and which are, in fact, almost invariably re-invested with additional loss,—the chances against success are almost incalculable.

With respect to the second objection, our daily papers are crowded with overwhelming evidence: every allurement that can be supposed to operate upon the good and bad,—the old and young,—the rich and poor,—the male and female,—is thrown out;

the bait is gilded with all the fascinations of false reasoning and buffoonery, to attract the wise man and the fool: even the sanctity of the scriptures is made subservient to the cause of legalised gambling; ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters and after many days thou shalt find it again!’

The third argument is equally unanswerable. The vice of illegal gaming is, from its nature, limited in extent; but legalised lottery gambling insinuates itself into all the ramifications of society;—ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand individuals are interested in the sortilege! There is no boundary to its influence; it enters the palaces of the rich, and the cabins of the poor;—it leads the man of fortune into temptation, and adds new pangs to the delusive anticipations of indigence;—it originates and foments, under legislative sanction, a spirit of gaming which gradually extends itself into the most prejudicial forms;—it entices the inexperienced into speculative trials of the doctrine of chances, proved and tested in all the manifold shapes of gambling;—it deceives the indigent, and leads them to depend upon hopeless expectations, for that support and sustenance which should spring

from the industry of their habits, and the labour of their hands.

If we look around among those fortunate adventurers, who *have* gained the principal prizes of a lottery, how few do we find resolute enough to resist the sudden shock of their good fortune! Riches easily attained, are heedlessly squandered: the man who, never having possessed fifty dollars, finds himself the master of fifty thousand, looks upon it as a mine of wealth which can never be exhausted; accustomed to subsist by the earnings of daily toil, he possesses few mental resources to relieve the *ennui* of an idle life, and resorts to the gaming-table for a continuance of good fortune, or to the bottle for amusement. Elevated, in point of fortune, to a sphere beyond the limits of his manners and education, he strives to outrival those, who owe to their birth the advantages which he does not possess; he endeavours to emulate in magnificence and prodigality, the example of the great: he becomes the prey of designing satellites, who revolve round the sun of his riches. At length his treasures become exhausted, he is abandoned by the sycophants of his prosperity, and sinks below his original level,

corrupted in morals and in health: the decline of his fortune increases the irregularity of his habits, and he becomes the victim of ebriety and disease. ‘Such are the rich, that have abundance and enjoy it not.’

These remarks are not intended to injure individuals: lottery brokers are not those, to whom they are adapted; they are only the instruments by which the machinery of legislative gambling is set in motion, and consequently objects of secondary consideration; there are among that class, as amongst most others, many estimable men.

I am—thank heaven!—little skilled in pharmacy, and utterly unable—for which I am less thankful,—to distinguish quack mixtures from regular physic;—poison by courtesy from poison by law!—but I verily believe the title of M. D. is not, in all cases, an absolute obstacle to empiricism, and that there are in the world many physicians, with diplomas in their pockets, not more worthy of trust than a German horse-doctor, or a London veterinary surgeon!

With this lack of knowledge, it would savour of presumption, to stamp the character of quackery on all the infallible remedies

which are offered to the world; I have therefore resolved, without hazarding a judgment upon their merits, to select as proper instruments of elucidation, such stuffs as are not officially recognised by the university professors, and owe the major part of their renown to the circulation of the newspapers.

Let us—*exempli gratia*—select a certain Patent Specific Ointment, (price \$1) which may nevertheless be a very successful remedy; according to certain certificates, with certain names in due form attached, it ought to be classed amongst the most invaluable treasures of the pharmacopolist. It cures the worst felons or whitlows in 48 hours! and is, moreover, “a certain remedy for those obstinate diseases, some of which have so long baffled the skill of medical science,”—chilblains, burns, scalds, tetterers, sprains, bruises, rheumatism, tumors, sore legs, ulcers, and white swellings!

But a few certified facts are worth whole volumes of words. It has carried happiness and health into the most unfortunate families: a hapless housekeeper had a wife with a “mortification in her arm,” a son with a “mortification in his ear,” a daughter with

“scalded arms and hands,” a boarder with “a sore leg;” and withal, a neighbour with a burnt child!” What a congregation of troubles! But behold the result: the all-powerful unguent was applied, and the wife’s arm cured,—two or three plaisters saved the son’s ear,—and in fifteen minutes the daughter recovered the use of her hands! The boarder’s case was more desperate; his sore leg was of long standing, and had baffled every application that had been made; so hopeless, indeed, was it, that he actually “offered to serve his master one year over his time, if he would by any means get it cured!” Luckily for the master, he had heard of the Patent Specific Ointment,—and less than “one pot” made the leg “perfectly sound in a short time!” The cure of the neighbour’s child was not less wonderful; its neck and shoulders were dreadfully scalded, so that “in taking off its linen, the skin adhered to it in several places;” a plaster was applied, and in “ten or fifteen minutes” it was “perfectly easy and resumed its little play!”

But the sphere of its usefulness has not been circumscribed to any particular family. A certain farmer had been afflicted with

‘an ulcerated sore leg’ for ‘more than fifteen years,’ and *three* boxes of the Ointment made it sounder than ever! Another sufferer was troubled with ‘a painful ulcer,’ originated from a severe fit of sickness, experienced ‘*about 20 years before*’ less than *two* boxes cured *him*! A third patient was attacked with a ‘violent rheumatic pain in the ankle,’ (which his physicians shrewdly ‘suspected to be the gout,’) and one plaster cured it ‘in a few hours!’ ‘A black man’ chanced to be somewhat worsted in combat with ‘some man of his own colour,’ who so grievously ill-treated ‘one of his knees,’ that he was obliged ‘to take to his bed,’ where the poor man ‘lay six weeks without ever moving the affected limb.’ his physician ‘nearly gave him out,’ and he was in ‘a hopeless condition;’ his master at length procured ‘a few boxes of this grand restorative, which, (of course) soon effected a cure! A fifth example of complete restoration, was a man ‘violently attacked with what he supposed to be a large number of biles,’ but his physician, being of a different opinion, ‘called them carbuncles:’ every body who saw him, thought ‘he must certainly die, as he had been dealt with for a length of time by

physicians! One box of the ointment, however, enabled him ‘in a few days,’ to prosecute his ‘usual employment in perfect health!—The ‘little son’ of a gentleman, ‘burnt his hand badly with a hot shovel;’ the ointment was applied, ‘and in the course of *two minutes*, the pain left his hand, and the skin never came off nor blistered!’

But it is useless to multiply examples: the following certificate alone would afford the most satisfactory evidence of its sanative powers.

‘SIR—I ran a large pitch-fork through my foot, which, from the loss of blood, and pain, disabled me from walking. I immediately applied your ointment, which enabled me to go to work next day.’* ‘_____’

Far be it from me to disparage the authenticity of these miraculous certificates: on the contrary, I take honour to myself, for propagating, according to the best of my abilities, the knowledge of the Patent Specific Ointment.

It would require considerable time and labour to analyse the system of puffing, adopted by those medical gentlemen, who

* Copied verbatim.

are too independent to encounter the irksomeness of collegiate studies, and to whom nature has been sufficiently lavish to obviate the necessity of a collegiate examination: but in very truth—if that quality appertain to all the puffs in question,—our weekly bills of mortality must be swelled out by the ignorance and incapacity of regularly educated physicians! From what other cause can ‘consumption,’ (that scourge of the human race,) claim its melancholy precedence, when we have a surgeon-dentist, within the very walls of our city, who never failed in ‘the most hopeless cases’ to effect ‘a permanent cure in THIRTY-FOUR DAYS?’—Why should the cholera morbus claim so many victims, in the very teeth of *Dr. Robertson's celebrated Stomachic Elixir of Health?* Why is not death stripped of its prerogative by *Dr. Godbold's Vegetable Balm of Life?* If the college of physicians, for the sake of supporting and perpetuating the profession, criminally unite in opposition to the earthly immortality assured to us by the physicians of nature, ‘not for all this land would I be guilty of so deep a sin.’

To descend to matters less important than life and death, I would seriously demand of

all old maids, (worth \$2) by what fatal chance they permitted the bloom of their cheeks to fade, having it in their power to possess the fragrant *Balm of Iberia*? And alas! the cruelty of mothers, who can tranquilly confide the sufferings of their children to the frail prescriptions of the family physician, when they might buy a box of *Dr. Robertson's Infallible Worm Destroying Lozenges!*

The tooth-ache may no longer afflict that patient man, who reads the learned essays of B. W—ll—ms, or purchases the *Infallible Tooth-ache Drops* of Dr. D—tt! Midnight students, armed with a bottle of *Circassian Eye Water*, may no more dread the sufferings of a visual inflammation; and all Scotland may experience a glorious constitutional revolution, through the medium of *Patent Itch Ointment*.

There is a species of genuine quackery—for, ignorant as I am, I do not pretend to assimilate that quality with the remedies alluded to—which cannot be justified either on the score of decency or truth, set forth in hand-bills posted at the corners, and staring our wives and daughters in the face, with monstrous capitals and shameless expres-

sions. I make no remark on the bare-faced extent of their professions, and the melancholy results of their ignorant prescriptions: it is the notorious impudence, and knavish impertinence, which thrust their vile impositions into notice, and transform the columns of our papers, and the corners of our streets, into agents for the propagation of immodesty and deceit, to which I call the attention of the father, the husband, and the brother. I know not whether such impostors are worthy of legislative consideration; whether our city legislators should suppress the publication of their vulgar placards, or whether the knaves should be sentenced to a horse-pond, and drummed out of the city by the verdict of the *posse mobilitatis*: I make no exceptions, from the fortunate practitioner, who rolls in his chariot, and deals out wholesale destruction, to the peddling pedestrian who travels with his physic on his back.

I might now deliver a serious moral lecture on the guilt, and the dangers of quackery; but I am contented with saying unto those who are deluded by its seduction, 'In vain shalt thou use many medicines, for thou shalt not be cured.'

CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS FROM LONG-BRANCH.

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia!

Shakspeare.

Not youthful Kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers rob'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce, that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia, when her mantle's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! * * * * *

Pope.

By one of those rare chances, which sometimes guide the destinies of things as well as men, a number of epistles written at Long Branch, have found their way into my hands: of those which I have selected for my present purpose, one was addressed to my cousin Dashall by a brother "blood,"—a second, to Dashall's sister, by a charming "belle,"—a third, to a maiden aunt, by a sister suf-

ferer,—and a fourth, to my friend Positive, by the father of the family.

FROM HARRY WILDAIR TO DICK DASHALL.

MY DEAR DICK,

Writing, you know, an't exactly the thing—always find it curs'd hard work to get through—never wrote but three letters in my life; one to the old-man, from college, to show my hand-writing, and get some cash—(could'n't read it by-the-by;)—another to old Tom Stirrup, about a gray 'racker'—(had to call tho' to know what it meant)—and the third, about love to a young lady, who thought it was a quiz!—Devilish good, eh? was'nt it?

We came to an anchor at Renshaw's about a week ago, two days sail from Trenton; turn'd in at Parker's, mess'd at Colt's Neck, and brought up here at 8 o'clock in the evening;—old chariot rumbled like a thunder-gust—not quite so quick as lightning—two miles and a half an hour by Roskell!—Travelling with women a devilish bore—mothers, sisters, and old aunts, the very devil—fathers not over agreeable. Aunt Tabitha groaned the whole way about a box of anti-bilious

pills, left by mistake at Trenton;—sister Frank had a touch of the sea-sickness from riding backwards; and the old gentleman, not over-pleased with the expedition, bawled out every five minutes to the coachman to drive slower!

Had to carry aunt Tab's lap-dog—fell asleep—let it fall overboard—yell'd like an Indian—*darn'd* sorry it wasn't killed—no more bore. Took another nap while auntee *roused out* a lecture. Trod on the old man's gouty toe—gave me a d—n, and told me I ought to be ashamed to irritate a parent, and cause him to make use of improper language!—thought it was queer, but can't argue.

Nothing to do—opened a bundle—pulled out a greasy night-cap—aunt Tab's:—saw a pair of tight woollen drawers—sister Frank's: All asleep—fair chance—peep'd again. One bottle peppermint water, asthmatic elixir, magnesia, anti-dyspeptic drops, rappee snuff, pack of cards, flannel petticoat, rheumatic tincture, new wig, false teeth, two love letters from Philip Gobble, dated 1779, pocket razors, shaving soap;—aunt Tab's!—Hoffman's Anodyne, opium pills, laudanum, *eau de Cologne*, Windsor soap, corsets, whale-

bone, pot of *rouge*, *pommade double à la rose*, tooth-brushes, tooth-picks, and tooth-powders, tweezers, false-curls, visiting-cards, lip-salve, court plaster, *huile-antique*, eye-glasses, eye-water, milk of roses, oil-cloth-cap, dimity jackets, small-clothes;—sister Frank's! Saw some books: *Pocket Hoyle*, *The Christian's Companion*, *Joe Miller*, *The Book of Common Prayer*, *Cooke on Apoplexy*, *Carlisle on Old Age*, *The Devil upon Two Sticks*, *Cœlebs in search of a Wife*, *Buchan's Domestic Medicine*;—aunt Tab's! *Roderick Random*, *Memoirs of Lady Hamilton*, *Little's Poems*, *Ovid's Art of Love*, *Dream Book*, *The Victim of Sentiment*, *Spirit of the Book*, *Philip's Speeches*, *Maid with Seven Lovers*;—sister Frank's! Auntie woke—caught me with a strengthening-plaster in one hand, and a row of false teeth in the other!—regular blow-up—pretended to fall asleep, and so came off *second best*.

And so, Dick, we dragg'd along and brought up safe at the Branch. Curs'd stupid—girls too shy—married women most agreeable—privileged characters—leave their brats at home, and go to watering places to flirt with the young men—send their husbands back to take care of the children.—

Comfortable thing to be matronised by married ladies—no scandal, and hear all the young ladies' secrets.

No amusement here; will you believe it, Dick? not even a billiard table! Hardly kill time—can't bathe—water too cold, and surf curs'd terrifying; can't walk on the beach—sand shocking, and monstrous fatiguing. Watch for the white-flag—ladies in the surf—peep over the bank to see 'em dip—horrible objects—quite shocking, Dick, I aver!—oh! entirely offensive!—look more like Macbeth's witches than nymphs of the ocean—(learn'd that at the play-house) Bathing too masculine for ladies—makes the hair harsh—lips too pale—deadens the eye! Look like chamber-maids walking down to the beach—no corsets—loose gowns—soiled stockings—old shoes—no ruffles—calico shawls—ordinary bonnets—O! Dick, it is positively affecting to see the metempsychosis—I mean metamorphosis, or some such word!

In the morning take a touch of loo; poor sport—no high-flyers---hang out at the colony to keep clear of the old-ones---must take a mint-julap---sea air requires it. Dinner bell rings—fat lobsters—lean crabs—

horrid oysters—excellent fish—no sheeps-head—bad beef—good mutton—so-so Claret, and d—d fine Madeira!

Women sit too long—want a cigar and can't go it—drink a bumper all round—get a little *blue*—girls want a frolic—jump into a Jersey fish wagon—rattle off to Deal, Black Point, Edenton, or the Light House—get back an hour after sun-set—old ones look black—young ones look wise—devilish glorious, Dick, to be knocked about in a hard going wagon with a spirited girl along-side.

Tables cleared away—ball opens—few dancers—no band—one poor Blackey, half barber, half fiddler!—Only think of that, Dick, and weep!—shaves and scrapes in the morning, and scrapes half *shaved* in the evening!—Dancing poor work in hot weather—ladies look *à la graisse*—perspire shockingly—spoils gloves—moistens cravats—don't feel comfortable—too much evaporation—soon done-up. Ten o'clock—ladies retire—devilish glad—club meets---regular chairman—hold court—make speeches—try offenders—quiz green-horns—no skulkers—no bed-goers—Committee of Disturbance *rouse*'em out—sing songs—no excuse—a song or six bumpers—punish the

bottle—smoke cigars—drink brandy—get tight—kick up a row—break chairs—slam windows—huzza!—play the devil, and go to bed at four o'clock in the morning!

Yours

My old Cock,

HENRY WILDAIR.

FROM FRANCES WILDAIR TO ANNA MATILDA
DASHALL.

DEAREST ANNA,

It appears to be an age since I parted from the dear companion of my youth; every moment of absence more strongly proves how miserable and wretched I should be without you. Do tell me how your brother Dick is? and what he is doing? Dick is a sad fellow; but I dote upon wild young men to distraction; they *always* make good husbands.—How extremely happy should I have been with the society of my dearest Anna; what a terrible disappointment, that your old aunt should die at such a time!—if she had only died last fall we should have been so happy!—I did think, however, my dearest girl, that when *we* arrived at Long Branch, there would have been attractions sufficient to en-

tice your brother Dick to that place,—he is such a friend of Harry's you know! Don't for the world tell Dick that I have mentioned his name: I am sure, if I did not know your love for the best of brothers, I should never have thought of him!

Do tell Dick this is the most agreeable spot on the face of the earth;—a million times pleasanter than Philadelphia: The young men are in raptures! Tell him they have a regular club which meets every night at 10 o'clock, where they enjoy themselves excessively in smoking and singing, if one may judge from the noise and laughter.—O! I have the strangest thing to tell you about a song that we overheard one of the gentlemen sing! Indeed, the one we learned at Boarding School is nothing to compare to it! and what makes it the more surprising is, that the singer is the most timid—bashful—modest young man in the house, and can scarcely speak to a woman. Lord! I wonder what he is afraid of!

You cannot possibly imagine the exquisite delight there is in bathing: we huddle on any old things—nothing but a gown and shawl, and a pretty large bonnet to hide one's face you know, and walk through the midst

of the gentlemen down to the Bathing House: I often take a sly peep, and they seem as if they would look through one! Then there is such laughing, and quizzing, and giggling, while we are arranging our bathing-dresses; such hints, and witty remarks about every thing under the sun: and when I enter the surf, I am in an agony of delight! The water comes up—and up—and up—and feels so queer, you can have no idea of it without taking a dip: and then we go in with a man! nothing on earth on, but our bathing-dresses!—but they always fix upon some old good-for nothing married man: is it not enough to provoke a saint, when there are so many fine, active young men, who would volunteer their services in a moment? I often remain a whole half-hour in the surf, for no earthly purpose, but to watch them peeping over the bank! Don't you think Dick would delight in it?

I have not time, at present, to tell you all about our delightful excursions through the country in pleasant little Jersey wagons;—three on one seat, gentlemen and ladies!—And our agreeable balls, and a thousand million things,—in my next

Believe me, my dearest Anna, such is the devotedness of my attachment, that I could write to you forever—but I am obliged to *quill* a ruffle for the dance this evening, and must therefore conclude.

Your adoring friend,

FRANCES WILDAIR.

N. B. You cannot imagine how attentive a fine young gentleman from New York has been to me this afternoon. I am quite certain, if I thought you would mention this to Dick, I should not sleep a single wink!

P. S. I open my letter to inform you it is confidently whispered that Miss—, and Mrs.—, purposely walked to the beach while the gentlemen were bathing!—I wonder how Dick would look in the water!

F. W.

FROM TABITHA TWIST TO DEBORAH DOLITTLE.

DEAR DEBORAH,—

What will this world of sin and transgression come to at last? Alas! Deborah, in the days of our youth, the restraints of maidenly decorum were the sure safeguards of our sex, but in this degenerate time they are laughed at and destroyed.

The blood will run coldly through your immaculate veins, while I relate the awful accident that lately occurred to your unfortunate friend; never shall I forget it: No! so long as memory holds her seat, the horrors of that moment will shed their gloom over the evening of my life! Three long days have elapsed, and my nerves still remain in a most lamentable condition: * * * with a trembling hand I confide my sorrows to your condolence.

Innocent as the tender lamb, and confiding in virgin simplicity, I was seduced by the entreaties of the young women to venture into the rolling waters of the ocean, and accompanied a large party to the bathing house, for that purpose. In arranging my bathing-dress, the unhallowed gaze of youth mantled my cheeks with burning blushes, and I stood trembling amid the tittering of youthful depravity. I was led to the brink of the ocean by a tall, muscular woman, and soon found myself enveloped in its waters; I had not ventured to raise my eyes from the ground during our passage from the bath-house, for O! Deborah! those feet which never before had seen the light of the sun, were now polluted with insinuating

sand before a numerous assembly, in broad day-light!!! But the feelings of self preservation at length prevailed over the modesty of nature; every wave that rolled over us augmented the intestine congregation of salt-water, and respiration became difficult: not being able to articulate, I cast a supplicating look towards my hardy companion, and —saw the *beard of a man!!!* Gracious heavens! Deborah, I was in the arms of a man!—I was half-covered with water in the embraces of a man!—Nay, I had been concealed from the light of day amid the darkness of the waves, in the company of a man! not decently clothed in the starched head-dress, and maidenly attire of a drawing room, but crowned with an oil-cloth-cap, and covered with a green-baize *chemise* loosely fastened around my throat! Heavens if that—but I forbear; * * *

* * * * *

Imagine, O! Deborah Dolittle, the horrors of that moment! *You* know (for we were born in the same year,) that from the days of my infancy, no man but poor Philip Gobble has ever laid his profane hands on my person: how often has my mother declared, that in the moments of childhood, I scream-

ed with virtuous violence, if any man dangled me in his arms, excepting my father or my brother! For sixty years have I been a terror to all men but Philip Gobble! Alas, poor Philip! he died of a broken heart occasioned by excessive drinking brought on by his misfortunes, and my maiden heart lies entombed with him in Christ Church burying ground!

But to return to my narrative. Had it not been for the cold water I should certainly have fainted: desperation gave me new life;—I sprang from his arms,—rushed out of the water,—flew to my chamber,—threw myself on the bed,—and burst into a flood of tears! During the remainder of the day, I remained alone, endeavouring to wipe off the contamination of the body by the purification of the mind; I carefully read the 7th Chapter of 1. Corinthians, especially the 34th verse, and particularly examined Dr. Bolus on Sympathetic affections, and Corporeal Contagion.

However, at the earnest solicitation of my neice, I descended to the sitting-room in the evening, and joined a whist-table, after having recruited my spirits with thirty-three and a third drops of laudanum. My ears

whizzed with water, my lips tasted of salt, the old rheumatic affection appeared in my right hip, and I was considerably incommoded with a slight attack of the asthma. I entered the room with unbending dignity, and cast my eyes around with the proud consciousness of insulted virtue: all the pert Misses tittered at the poor object of my wrath, who stood with his face in part covered, while streams of penitence rolled from his eyes! This affecting sight only increased the mirth of the thoughtless young sinners, but as he never omits showing the same symptoms of repentance, whenever we chance to meet, I think it proper, after a suitable trial, to extend to him the mercy of my pardon. If it were not for the memory of poor Philip Gobble, I might almost be induced, in order to quiet the conscientious scruples of my own heart, and the scandalous insinuations of the world, to resign to him the whole of that person, which was innocently polluted by his embrace!

I attempted to remonstrate with brother Anthony on the impropriety of the mode of bathing adopted by the young women, but he instantly flew into a violent passion, and finished a most barbarous lecture by telling

me I was 'an old fool,' and had no reason to be afraid of a man, in or out of the water!—Such is the cruelty of brothers-in-law after the death of their wives: if poor sister Betty had lived, he would not have dared to treat me so abominably.

It was my intention to give you an account of the stupid balls, and the insufferable conduct of a mid-night club, established at this place, but must defer it to another opportunity: it is really surprising what pleasure can arise from jumping about the floor on a hot August evening, to the tune of a cracked fiddle; or why rational beings do not prefer resting comfortably in their beds, to sitting up all night singing and carousing. Indeed it is almost impossible to rest quietly at night, and if we do not speedily return home, I certainly anticipate an attack of the nervous fever, or diagnostics of hypochondriac affections: the continual aid of hypnotics has alone enabled me to sustain nature, but they will speedily fail, unless I am supplied by your kind attention to the enclosed list of articles, which you will be affectionate enough to despatch by the first fish-wagon. Your friend,

In years and in love,
TABITHA TWIST.

LIST OF ARTICLES ENCLOSED.

30 Opium pills—2 grs. each, (*in case of sickness!*)

6 Bottles genuine aqua vitae, (*for the cholic!*)

1 Case containing 12 bottles Hollands, from the large closet in my bed-chamber. (*for brother Anthony!*)

2 Quarts Irish whiskey. (*for punch for Harry!*)

2 Bottles noyau. (*for Frances!*)

1 Pound macabau. (*for myself!*)

A razor-strop. (*to sharpen scissors!*)

The last new novel. (*for Frances!*)

Taylor's sermons. (*for myself!*)

6 Packs playing cards. (*for the company.*)

T. T.

FROM ANTHONY WILDAIR, Esq. TO PETER P.
POSITIVE, Esq.

ESTEEMED PETER,

Your's of 29 ulto. came regularly to hand, and contents noted.

The aspect of affairs in this quarter of the world is by no means on a par with that of Philadelphia; the exchange is decidedly for the worse.

The chief commodity of this market appears to be fresh fish, although there is something doing in black-berries and whortle-berries;—of course I except the agricultural interest as a distinct and irrelative concern. Philadelphia is the chief vent for the staple article of commerce, to which place it is exported in wagons, which sometimes return, freighted with various articles for home-consumption; in most cases, however, the returns are made in specie. The quality of the fish, upon arrival at your market, principally depends upon the luck of the fisherman here, and the time occupied in transportation; large fish are most in demand, and fresh-fish command the highest price. Any orders you may be good enough to favour me with, shall be punctually fulfilled, and the highest possible discount obtained for cash payments.

By the steam boat from New York, I have received papers to the 2d. inst. inclusive, by which I observe no material change has taken place in that market.

Enclosed you have Prices current to which I beg your attention, and have this day drawn on you at sight, favour of Robin Roughhead for \$165 22, say one hundred and sixty-five dollars and twenty-two cents,

which be pleased to honour, and place the same to account of

Your obedt. humb. servant,

ANTHONY WILDAIR.

LONG BRANCH PRICES CURRENT.

FISH—Sharks,	Very abundant and voracious particularly the females.		
Sheepshead,	-	Young	and abundant.
Toad fish,	-	Poor	and plenty.
Flat-fish,	-	A plentiful supply of all ages.	
Black-fish,	-	Of strong flavour.	
Crabs,	-	Fat	and numerous.
N. B.	<i>These fish are all kept alive at this market.</i>		
FLESH—Belles,	-	\$20 to 50.000	per piece
	-	In demand.	
Widows,	-	\$5 to 10.000	do.
		plenty.	
Old maids,	-	25 cents	per piece
	-	Very plenty.	
Married women,		Cheap.	
Chamber maids,	according to quality.		
House maids,			
Cook maids,		A good supply.	
Nurses, &c. &c.			

Dandies,	-	-	A mere drug.
Married men,	-	-	Completely over-stocked.
Bachelors,	-	-	{ All in market damaged.
SUNDRIES.—Dinners,	-	50 cents per piece middling.	
Breakfasts,	-	50	ditto—good.
Suppers,	-	50	ditto—middling.
Lodging,	-	25 per bed	—excellent.
Segars,	-	\$30 per 1000	—bad.
Claret,	-	\$2 per bottle	—middling.
Madeira,	-	\$3	ditto—good.
Fiddlers,	-	-	none in market.

Long Branch, August 1820.

ANTHONY WILDAIR.

CHAPTER X.

FOREIGN FOLLIES.

What, quite unman'd in Folly!

Shakspeare.

How arts improve in this degenerate age!

Peers mount the box, and horses tread the stage!

Whilst waltzing females, with unblushing face,

Disdain to dance but in a man's embrace!

Sheridan.

THE prevalent disposition to imitate the manners of Europe, has caused the introduction of many frivolous customs and amusements into our city; and a continued desire to vie with the fashionable folly of high life, is kept alive by the puppyism of finical foreigners, as well as the correspondent habits of those 'monkeys who have seen the world,' and return home to instruct and ridicule 'the natives.'*

* It is, however, highly honourable to the character of our city, to find these travel'd gentlemen, in general, free from the vicious morals and manners of the old world.

But, notwithstanding the desires of the *beau-monde*, there is still sufficient sense existing among the community at large, to prevent the introduction of foreign folly in its full extent. Ridicule is a powerful corrective of fashion, and it is only by gradual steps towards the pinnacle of *exquisiteness*, that it can be avoided: too sudden advances cannot be endured in this city, although a slow progress may be made with impunity. As this will, beyond all doubt, eventually result in the wholesale importation of fashion and folly in all their manifold shapes, it may not be uninteresting to take a slight view of those, which will probably be among the first to be domesticated.

Notwithstanding the spring fashions of Miss Tardy, or the fall *nouveautés* of Madame Beauchamp, there is great room for improvement in our *magazins-de-modes*. Our men-monkeys of the millineries have much to learn, not only in the art of selling, but of naming their commodities; they are not yet acquainted with the importance of a name, through which an *Ivanhoe cap of black tulle, and geranium satin* might command double the price of the same article with a less emphatic appellation.

Highwaymen, and house-breakers have invented a language of their own,—turfs-men, cockers, and pugilists have their distinct dialect,—dandies and ruffians possess their appropriate slang,—and *belles* and *élégantes* enjoy the mysterious expressions of Mistress Bell, the presiding goddess of the great London *magazin-de-modes*. The knowledge of the latter tongue has not kept pace with that of the preceding in this country, but its gradual introduction affords good grounds of belief, that our ladies will soon be endowed with a faculty of speech, so exclusively devoted to their benefit: notwithstanding my years, I may yet witness the refinement attendant upon a female slang vocabulary.

I expect to enjoy those happy days, when a belle cannot ride in her *landau vis-à-vis*, without a beautiful shagreen *gros de Naples pelisse* of a pale pink colour, trimmed with narrow marabout down, and lozenge puffs of pink sattin!—when she cannot promenade without a bonnet trimmed with a double row of cockle shells cut in bias, real Norway doe-skin gloves, and Polonese half-boots lined with silk plush, and trimmed with Astracan fur!—when her walking-coat must be a Turkish pelisse-coat of lavender sattin, lined

with chincilla fur, and trimmed with white swan's-down, or a *Levantine pelisse* of violet colour trimmed with feather silk!—when she cannot enter a ball-room without *peach-blossom sattin, carreaux à la Chinoise, fastened with pagoda buttons, or tuckers of white crape in folds, fastened in puff divisions by bows of white love!!*—when her pretty feet must be ornamented with *white sattin sandal slippers*, and her pretty shape with a *Corsage à Luis Quatorze, or an Arcadian jacket!*—when her white neck must be adorned with an *English antique triple ruff of white crape, or a Chinese collar with pagoda points!*—when her parasol must be of *Neptune blue*, her hair *en Camille*, and her person covered with *Henrietta points and Mosaic gauze!!*—when she dare not appear in the side-boxes without an *Opera toque turban of ponceau velvet, or a Theatre cornette of fine figured blond net and sattin!*—when, in fine, the covering of her head must be a *Caledonian cap with a Westminster College crown, or a Mexican turban with the Peruvian border plume of the brightest scarlet!*

What a brilliant display of fashionable phraseology will then attract the gaze of votaries: instead of the vulgar, comprehensive name of bonnet, we shall have *Madras.*

Sultana, Batavian, Cleopatra, Venetian, and Flora turbans! Persian, Mary-Stuart, Flora-lia, Vevai, Tyrolese, and Aladdin caps! Prussian, Virginia, and Sicilian Vesper hats! Flora wreaths, Cornettes à la matrone, Chapeaux à la Comtesse, Oriental diadem head dresses, and Czarina coronets!—Bonnets will no longer be known, excepting among the ignorant *canaille*.

The *hymeneal pelisse* of Mrs. Bell will attain undoubted popularity,—and our artists be favoured with a classification of colours hitherto unknown:—*Cerulean, Ethereal, Lapis, Castillan, Celestial, Royal, and Queen's-eye Blue! Canary Yellow! Spanish Snuff! Pomona Green! Persian Lilac! Peach-blossom! Red-Currant! Morocco Brown! London Smoke! and Dead Leaf!*

If, in the application of these abstruse terms, I have committed errors, let the impossibility of procuring a Lexicon of Fashion plead in my behalf: like the Creole of the West Indies, the jargon of Yorkshire, the jabbering of Gascony, or the tongue of the Cherokees, it is only by personal instruction that a philologist can be initiated into the mysteries of the language. Under such circumstances, if my ‘doing into En-

glish' has in some instances been erroneous, I am not to be adjudged equally culpable with the sapient author of *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise*, who in his enumeration of English dishes, includes 'Rosbif-de-Mouton à l'Anglaise,' and 'Rosbif-d'Agneau à l'Anglaise!'-Nor am I equally reprehensible with a translator of the same nation, who transformed Love's Last Shift, into *La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour!*-Nor with that London 'doer into English' of a French Chemical Work, who made *Persian Precipitate out of La précipitation per se!*-Much less can I be compared with that literary German, who declares in his translation of the French *Dictionnaire Biographique*, that the 'anniversary of the death of Charles the first is still observed in England *by a young General!!!* (In the French it is *Par un jeûne général*;-by a General Fast!)--Nor am I on equal ground with the erudite editor of the *Courier François*, who in acknowledging an extract from the Independent Whig, called it 'Peruque l'Indépendante!'

But to return from this long digression; the time may yet arrive when we shall soar above European examples, and become *bo-*

na-fide inventors. Our *Washington Crape à la Veuvage*, *Mississippi Caps à la Bourgeoise*, and *Fur Mantles à la Chickasaw*, may, at no distant period, furnish models to Mrs. Bell herself! We have as choice a collection of sonorous appellatives as all Europe can produce; let us have our *Monongahela Corsages*, our *Rappahanoek Corinettes*, and our *Ompomponoosock Diadems*! The first step of our progress towards this desirable object may be traced in *The Ladies' Pocket Book* for 1821: not only are the fashions 'for that year' set forth in a prefatory plate containing *four* female figures, but the *beau-monde* is officially made acquainted with the fashionable Waltzes and Country (*Contra*) Dances for the present season: among these I joyfully recognize the *Philadelphia Steam Boat*, *The Cadets*, *North Point*, *Washington Hall*, *Return from Bals-ton*, and *Trip to the Shore*, as well as others, which may vie in nomenclature with the most polished effusions of English *Maitres-de-Danse*: such as *The Blinker*, *The Grass-hopper*, *The Cat and the Kettle*, *Love and Luck*, *Bulls and Bears*, *Shuffle and Cut*, *Charley Chuff*, and *Moping Muggins*!

We may even open a new path in the gardens of Fashion, despise all the fundamental rules of the *boudoir*, and emulate the example of the noted Cherubina! Our belles may fold themselves in rolls of transparent drapery, without drawing-strings, without hooks, and without pins!—And why should we not establish a *Mourning à les Etats-Unis*? Must we forever dangle at the skirts of European fashions? Is not the mourning of Syria, Cappadocia, and Armenia, sky-blue? that of Egypt, yellow? that of Ethiopia, gray? and that of China, white? Why, therefore, should we be restricted to the black habiliments of Europe, when the inhabitants of every other continent in the world, have their peculiar and characteristic drapery of wo? Let us then have orange, fawn-colour, lilac, buff,—or any thing but black!

Diderot says, ‘when writing on women, we should dip our pens in the rain-bow, and dust each word with the powder of a butterfly’s wing;’ but Diderot and myself being, in certain cases, of a different opinion, and rain-bows as well as butterflies, somewhat scarce at this season of the year, I may be allowed, without profanity, to use the com-

mon implements of writing. Indeed, I very much question whether Monsieur Diderot himself would have been at such considerable pains, in describing the naked Snake Women of Japan, the Almehs of Grand Cairo, the destroying mothers of the Jarejahs, or the nymphs of Covent-Garden!

Let us now proceed to a brief examination of the various fashions, and fashionable articles, which are yet to be introduced upon a large scale, into our happy metropolis.

In the first place, our Ladies—for many of them actually require it—should without delay patronise the *Armenian Divorce Corset*, which according to the inventress, possesses the following attributes: 1. It gives to the bust, grace, elegance, and ease:—2. An effect to dress, unknown in this, or any other country, and a form to the back, most surprising:—3. It is destituted of the trouble of lacing:—4. It may be put on and completely adjusted momentarily, and without the aid of any individual!—The latter quality is invaluable, as it respects our male *exquisites*, who may now wear Corsets without even the knowledge of their body-servants.

The *Ladies Chapeau-Bras*, and *English Witzchoura* might also be introduced at the

same time, and those dames who are unfortunately *très embonpoint* would find great relief in the *Bandage Corsets*, or the *Elastic Supporting Belts*.

Foreigners have always abused the bad complexions, and bad teeth of American women: even that 'little Esop of love,' that 'sprite of a man,' that 'little luxurious humming-bird of his species'—Thomas Moore, Esq.—indulged in a personal attack, notwithstanding his own 'dwarfish stature, weak eyes, and aukward demeanour.'

'What pity, blooming girl!
That lips so ready for a lover,
Should not beneath their ruby caskets cover
One tooth of pearl;
But like a rose beneath the church-yard stone,
Be doom'd to blush o'er many a mouldering bone!*

The attack on our Belles' complexions is more general and quite as abusive.

The only feasible method by which these satirical assaults can be avoided, is without delay to introduce the invaluable works of

* Epistle to Lord Forbes;—a ridiculous medley which the fame of its author cannot rescue from contempt. The ensuing note is appended: 'Polygnotus was the first painter, says Pliny, who showed the teeth in his portraits. He would scarcely, I think, have been tempted to such an innovation in America.'

art, which uphold the superiority of the fair sex in Europe. Let our Belles abandon the use of vulgar *Charcoal*, and all other dentifrices of domestic manufacture: let *Vegetable Tooth Powder*, *Aromatic Tooth Paste*, and *Malabar Dentifrice* be forthwith imported from London; if these do not suffice, let *Asiatic Powder*, *Oriental Vegetable Antiscorbutic Dentifrice*, and *Verdigonian Odoriferous and Abstergive Tooth Paste*, be added to the order: and, to those who are in want of those necessary articles, I would recommend an immediate application to Monsieur Faleur, or Monsieur De Lafons, of London, who can supply them with *Improved Mineral Teeth*, of the very first quality. *Artificial Palates* may also be procured from the same ingenious dentists!

If my countrywomen follow this advice, Thomas Moore, Esquire, will be compelled to say, in the words of a much better poet:

‘ Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale
Stolen from the rose, or violet’s dewy leaves;
Her ivory teeth appear’d in even rows,
Through lips of living coral! ’

To insure the truth of the first part of this quotation, it would be adviseable to procure

a respectable supply of *Cachou-de-Rose*, and *Acidulated Rose Lozenges*.

The want of brilliant complexions, calculated to rival those of European ladies, is wholly inexcusable, considering the facility of attaining them. It is incomprehensible to me, that a single freckle should exist, since the composition of *Lily Paste*, *Milk of Roses*, *White Imperial Powder*, and *Eau Aromatique de Montpelier*!—Or that any morphew should be seen, since the promulgation of the *Rouge de Sultane*, the *Botanic Cream*, and the *Chinese Fluid*! If our ladies want bloom on their cheeks, it is the result of their own negligence; can they not procure the *Sicilian Bloom*, and the *Botanic Bloom*, and the *Bloom of Ninon*? the *Liquid Bloom of Roses*, and the *Imperial Liquid Bloom of the East*? But even should all these resources fail, they may place implicit reliance on the *Fleur-de-Sultane*, ‘for creating an instantaneous, lasting, and enchantingly youthful colour on the cheeks and lips.’ ‘This invaluable and unrivalled production,’ besides ‘approximating beyond parallel to the perfection of nature,’ and ‘giving the appearance of the most exalted beauty,’ maintains ‘its envied appearance in the greatest

perspiration in the most heated assemblies!!!—When we join to these numerous advantages, the *Ambrosial Soap*, the *Abyssinian Flower Soap*, and the *Elysian Balsamic Compound Soap*, all so easily attained by our *élégantes*, it will be impossible ever again to pardon chapped lips, or a freckled face! Indeed, the time may arrive, when our heroic countrywomen, like the celebrated actress, (Mrs. Oldfield,) shall, amid the agonies of dissolution, order their waiting-maids to paint their faces, that they may not shock the spectators after their deaths! Or be as fashionably collected as Madame de Charolais, a lady of the same profession in France, who when dying was with great difficulty persuaded to take the sacrament without *rouge*; not being able to resist the solicitations of her confessor, she at last consented to wipe it off; 'but in this case,' said she to her women, 'give me some other ribbons; you know how horribly ill yellow becomes my complexion!'

As there is not a reasonable termination to the long catalogue of artificial beauties, which have so lamentably depreciated the appearance of American women, when opposed to those of Europe, I will confine my

further remarks on the subject to the HAIR, which constitutes an important part of female general beauty. In the fashionable circles of Great Britain there are few ladies, and perhaps not a single truly exquisite gentleman, with Red Hair!—but in this country, we are continually shocked by its *outré* and fiery appearance. Good heavens! Ladies! for what purpose was *Grecian Water*, or *Persian water*, or *vegetable dye*, or *chemical cream*, or *poudre unique*, or *l'olio novello*, or *indelible fluid*, or *Rowland's essence of Tyre*, composed, if you refuse to change that terrific colour into a 'beautiful brown, or an enchanting black,' and 'communicate to the ringlets a beauty, luxuriance, and duration, before unknown?'

To those who are already in possession of hair of fashionable colours, let me seriously recommend *Atkinson's fluid*, *extract of roses*, *Macassar oil*, and *Verdigonian oil of Persia*, together with *Pommade Régénératrice*, and *pommade divine*, and the constant use of *P. Burgess and Co's superior improved patent penetrating hair brushes!* It is the application of these valuable articles, which gives to British hair its enviable superiority; and the easy communication be-

tween the two countries affords every opportunity to our ladies, of possessing similar advantages.

There is one great misfortune, which often mars the beauty of the prettiest faces and necks in the world, by placing on those surfaces an undue quantity of hair: a female with a beard is a kind of *lusus naturæ*, and can hardly be endured in the paths of fashion. Such things are unknown in Europe, praised be the *moretian tablet*, and the *genuine roseate powder* of Mr. Hubert! Let us never again behold a shaggy neck, or a bearded chin, among the belles of our city, for should the specifics already pointed out fail in effect, *Trent's Depilatory* will remove the deformity in 'a few minutes,' or the *poudre subtil* in 'ten minutes at most'!!

Let me conclude this subject with Mr. Rowland's eloquent address

'TO THE FAIR SEX.'

'Say, what does most adorn the fair?
A copious, charming head of hair;
Ringlets form'd with taste and grace
Which spread a lustre o'er the face,
Produced without much care or toil
By using Rowland's famed Macassar oil,
Which as revolving years go round,
More excellent and good is found.'

Illustrious Sussex—royal Caroline,
 As patrons to this oil combine,
 And with Imperial Russia's mighty lord,
 Their splendid, gracious patronage afford;
 And when the hair is red or gray,
 Which all approve not to display,
 Rowland's essence of Tyre's efficient power
 Will change the colour in an hour!**

Having thus given a brief outline of the improvements that are necessary to place our ladies on a level with those of Europe, who

“* * * * to surprise us spread
 The borrow'd flags of white and red,’

let us examine a portion of the general customs and amusements of the *haut-ton*, in which we have not yet been wholly, or at all, initiated. But let it not be supposed, that because I have particularly alluded to the fair sex, I entertain the slightest desire

* For the benefit of those immaculate *donna attempatas* (who will not sit next to a man at table lest he should touch them with his knee) I cannot forbear pointing out the means, by which they may repair the miseries occasioned by tight shoes, during their youth. They may at once get rid of those maidenly evils yclept *corns*, *bad nails*, *callosities* and *bunions*, by the application of the *anti-callosity*, or *Russian corn and Bunion plaister*; or by a communication (enclosing a one pound note) directed to that eminent Chiropedist, Mr. Laidlaw, number 9, New North Street, Red Lion Square, London.

to debar the other, from the advantages of innovation: far from it; a change depends as much upon aspiring maccaronis—those neat, little men of *très grande espérance*—as upon female *élégantes*: they must annihilate *Scratches*, and let curling locks, and soft, smooth, exquisitely blooming cheeks, be their manly passports into the society of fashion.

With regard to public amusements, our taste and variety are lamentably deficient. Even our theatrical exhibitions are dull, vapid, and uninteresting when compared with those of Europe: instead of four-footed varieties, we are compelled to slumber over the dull representations of Shakspeare, and when we might have elephants, camels, well-trained dogs, and dancing bears to enliven the scene, we are pestered with the morality of Young, or the long speeches of Otway! Why do we not emulate the Thespian pleasures of Europe? At the Franconi Circus in Paris, *Macbeth* and *Othello* have been converted into Pantomimes!—and in another town of that kingdom, ‘*The death of Abel*’ was advertised to be performed ‘in the costume of the times!’ Whether this exhibition ever took place, does not appear,

but a piece performed *in puris naturalibus* would indeed be a novelty, worthy of emulation.

In Europe, any notable occurrence is speedily represented on the boards of a theatre, and if it is one, by the recollection of which the feelings of affection and kindred are harrowed up, it inevitably proves profitable. The celebrated murder of Fualdes was not only dramatised on the French Theatres, but produced at Covent Garden under the title of 'Proof Presumptive, or the Abbey of San Marco.' Our own monster of the deep has had the honour of being represented at the Surrey Theatre, by the name of 'The Sea Serpent! or Harlequin Yankee.' Let us then follow these examples: if the son, or brother, or father of any affectionate family in this city should be assassinated, let us keep the remembrance of the deed in the minds of his weeping relatives, by its representation in Walnut Street! Let every circumstance of popular notoriety be adapted to the stage, and let the 'Harlequin Yankee' be surpassed by a farce called the 'Milan Commission, or Royal Adultery:—'The villa d'Este, or

the Happy Courier;—‘The Mysterious corridor, or the two bed chambers!’

Let us no longer endure the exhilarating gas of Dr. P——n, or the *leger-de-main* of Mr. Stanislaus, but cause to be imported the more refined amusements, attendant upon ‘*Fire-eaters*’ and ‘*Human-salamanders*.’ Every body has heard of the famous Mr. Powell—of Senor Lionetti, or the incombustible Spaniard,—and of the more modern wonders of Signora Girardelli, and Ivan Ivanitz Chabert. I feel mortified that our *enfans-de-mode* should soberly sit gaping at ‘Incombustible Fire Works, or the manufacture of a Pan-Cake, without heat, in a gentleman’s hat, when they might be delighted with the supernatural powers of Monsieur Chabert. When they might see that extraordinary ‘Fire Proof’ forge a bar of red hot iron with his feet—undergo the torture by fire as used in the Spanish Inquisition—drink boiling oil—drop burning sealing-wax on his tongue—eat burning charcoal—inspire the flame of a torch—bathe his feet with boiling lead—pour it into his mouth with his hand—pour the strongest aqua-fortis on steel filings, and trample on it with his bare feet—rub a red-hot shovel on his arms and legs

—pour vitriol, oil, and arsenic into the fire, hold his head in the flame, and inhale the vapours—eat of a lighted torch as if it were sallad—and, finally, pour aqua-fortis on a piece of copper in the hollow of his hand!! Yet John Bull has witnessed these things!

So numerous, in fact, are the improvements that our circle of fashion must attain, and not only attain, but support by its countenance and example, that it would be a hopeless task to attempt a regular detail: the only method that can be adopted is to present a general, and in part disconnected, outline of those which happen first to present themselves before me.

Horse-racing requires little comment, as it is already as extensively practised as the lenity of the law will admit of; but we are wofully deficient in a knowledge of '*horse-flesh*,' and it will require a long series of years before we can hope to rival the Earl of Coventry or Mr. Weston, who, though unfortunately blind, were the 'two best judges of horses in the kingdom of Great Britain!' They not only bought their own, but selected the horses of their friends: 'of the figure and anatomy they correctly judged by *feeling*, and of the several paces by their

quick sense of *hearing*!?" These gentlemen-jockeys have completely distanced even Miss M'Evoy* of Liverpool, who although totally deprived of sight, astonished honest John Bull, by distinguishing colours by *the touch*! But they have not equalled their extraordinary countryman William M'Gilvray, who although entirely sightless, informed the owner of a fine horse that the animal was 'blind of one eye,' although he (the owner) with all his visual faculties had not been able to discover it!†

Our ladies should soar above the vulgar exercise of Chesnut Street Promenades, and either learn the broad sword exercise from Mrs. Williams, or despatch a mission to Signora Chili the celebrated Roman female fencer, who actually vanquished the most expert *amateurs* at 'Mr. Angelo's rooms in Bond Street.'—For the benefit of the lower classes they ought furthermore to institute regular 'Smock Races,' or, if they are ambitious enough, by a bold step,

* This wonderful lady is said 'to *feel* the hour of the day *through* the plate of a watch-glass, and to distinguish colours and objects *reflected* by a mirror;' thus 'having an optical organ in the skin of the fingers, hands, &c. &c.!"

† Monthly Mag. January, 1817.

to outdo even the élégantes of London, contend for the prize themselves. Such a pastime affords infinite amusement, not only by the graceful and interesting appearance of females in the attitude of running, but by occasional falls, calculated to add considerably to the interest of that appearance: I have little doubt, after a few trials, it would become 'all the rage,' and that *Patent Bounding Corsets, Winged Bonnets, and Atalanta Robes* would speedily rival the various *nouveautés*, which I have enumerated.

Our belles are also deficient in **Donkey Riding, Horse-Racing and Hunting**: as patterns by which these accomplishments may be acquired, I would recommend Brighton or Margate Visitors in the first instance,—lady Thornton* in racing,—and the countess

* This enterprising lady was not at all fastidious, either in the choice of place, or competitors; on the contrary she rode over public courses; and against common jockeys. At the York race course, (after having put 'four hogsheads of *Côte Rotie*' into her wine-cellar, and added about \$13,000 to her pin-money, by Mr. Bromford's 'declining to ride,') she started 'against Mr. Buckle, the jockey, well known at New Market, as a rider of the first celebrity,'—'pushed forwards,'—and 'came-in in a style far superior to any thing of the kind ever before witnessed, gaining her race by half-a-neck!'—She rode '*Louisa, sister to Kill-Devil, by*

of Derby (said to be the 'most dashing female rider' in England) in hunting.

I have already said, that our only hope of being able to compete with transatlantic refinement, is to model our habits and manners according to the European standard: we have examples suited to all classes of society, and to all ages. Our most venerable and dignified judges on the bench, if they are real followers of fashion, will lose nothing of their dignity, even if they should be induced to array themselves in petticoats! Did not lord Erskine, once lord chancellor of England, at 70 years of age, elope in a pelisse, a large bonnet, and a veil, to **Gret-na Green**, with his housekeeper? And is not this one patrician example enough, in all conscience, to vindicate a like measure in a plebeian?"

Our reverend divines may certainly possess the same privileges as their brethren in Europe: 'Here,' says the **Monthly Review**,

Pegasus, out of Nelly,' and (for the information of our ladies,) was dressed 'in a purple *cap* and *waistcoat*, nankin-coloured skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings:' it was no doubt necessary, to produce effect, to have the latter, (as the most prominent article of dress,) of the finest texture and materials.

‘hunting-parsons, shooting-parsons, and even boxing-parsons are by no means rare.’ And have they not the example of that christian divine, the Rev. W. B. Daniel, who published a large book in three volumes octavo, pp. 1627, price 5*l.* 5*s.* title ‘Rural Sports’—about ‘hunting, shooting, and fishing?’

Our military heroes ought to emulate the honours of colonel Thornton, and write a splendid ‘Sporting’ quarto, as a relief from the sterner duties of war: like him they might issue ‘general orders’ every morning to their sporting suite, and record, with circumspect fidelity, the various actions of the day.

The practice of introducing a woman into society as your wife, which confers the double benefit of saving the nuptial expenses, and being able to get rid of her without difficulty, also remains to be generally introduced: but cannot a ‘commoner’ be sheltered by even one ‘Corinthian’ example? Lord Hawke publicly declared a certain lady, whom he led into the circle of fashion, to be the *bona-fide* lady Hawke, when lo! a ‘public notice’ appeared in the papers, stating the *soi-disant* lady Hawke to be actually one Mistress Corri, ‘the wife of a musical composer!’

In vocal music, also, we are but miserable proficients, as may be better learned from the history of 'Mr. Francis Hughes, a gentleman belonging to the royal chapel, who had a very strong counter-tenor voice, and could *with ease break a drinking-glass* by adjusting his voice to the tune of it, and gradually increasing it to the greatest possible degree of loudness!!' Such is the powerful effect of concord in Great Britain!—In *this* country, according to the Quarterly Review, we 'tolerate no music except psalm-singing, and love no poetry above the pitch of a tabernacle hymn!' Mr. Gifford probably received this information from the veracious Mr. Weld, who, among other American monsters of various species, describes the miraculous moschetoes which bit through the boots of general Washington!

There is an important fashionable amusement, which, although partially adopted, has by no means attained a respectable footing in this country: it is technically termed **BIBLIOGRAPHY**, or **BIBLIOMANIA**. 'Bibliography,' says a writer in the New Monthly Magazine, 'so much the vogue now in this country, does not appear to have made a corresponding progress in America:' of the

nature of this amusement, a correct idea may be better formed by an example selected from among the noble peers of Great Britain, which I trust my fellow citizens will see fit to follow—as far as their fortunes will allow.

At the sale of the duke of Roxburg's library, a warm contention was entered into between the marquis of Blandford and earl Spencer, which should be the fortunate purchaser of *Il Decameroni di Boccacio*, the only perfect copy known to exist, being there offered for sale. The dispute occasioned great anxiety, when the marquis having bid 2260 pounds sterling, (\$10,044,44!) the noble earl 'gave in,' and the former 'came off in triumph.' To use the narrator's own words, 'the engagement was very fierce, and at its termination, there was a GENERAL HUZZA!' The marquis afterwards declared, that he then had in his possession a copy of the work, but as it wanted *five leaves*, 'it was his intention to have gone as far as 5000 pounds,' rather than not obtain a complete one!—The marquis of Blandford, and earl Spencer are both descendants of the great Marlborough, who, being likewise accustomed to 'fierce engagements,' has *thus*

transmitted the 'blood of the Mirabels' to his posterity!

There is a certain method of getting rid of a troublesome wife, which, if introduced into this country, would save the time of the legislatures, as well as the trouble and uncertainty of praying for divorce. It has stood the test of many years trial in England, as may be seen by a few among the numerous examples which have occurred in that happy country: these are selected at nearly stated intervals, although I have not thought it necessary to retrograde more than the fourth part of a century. I am aware that much opposition may be expected from some part of our female votaries of Senta, but there is still a respectable proportion, who would be nothing loth to experience the benefits of the custom.

On the 12th of June, 1797, a man who had been two months married, offered his wife for sale at Smithfield market, then and there *fastened with a rope to the railing*: a dealer in flowers having bid two dollars and a half, he became the purchaser, and received, together with the woman, 20 pounds in bad half-pence!

On the 11th of March, 1803, another discontented husband, led his wife to Sheffield market, with a rope fastened around her waist, and publicly announced that *he wanted to sell his cow!* A butcher officiated as auctioneer, and knocked her down for five dollars!

On the 27th of March, 1808, a third dealer in human flesh, sold his wife at the market house in Brighton, to a fisherman, for four dollars and forty-four cents, and *a blunderbuss!*

On the 11th of April, 1817, the exhibition of the sale of a wife took place at Dartmouth, where a brute dragged his wife to the public quay for sale. She had been married twelve months, was not quite 20, and could scarcely be sustained from fainting, as her husband dragged her along: she was purchased for ten dollars by her 'first sweetheart!'

In May, of the present year, (1820,) we find by the Monthly Magazine, that the practice remained in full force: 'Lately, at the market cross in Leeds, a man led his wife in a halter, and sold her for one shilling and six-pence,' or about *thirty-three cents!*

It would be an easy matter to multiply examples, but as they are only intended to instruct American husbands, and teach them the European mode of divorce, those already recorded will prove amply sufficient. It may be well, however, to remark—lest I should be accused of offering the worst features of the case—that from the records of Westminster Hall, and the periodical works, newspapers, &c. &c. published in England, within *a single year*, THIRTY-NINE cases of wives exposed to public sale, like cattle at Smithfield, have been collected, as well as FIFTY-TWO cases of what used to be politely termed in former times, a *tête-à-tête*, EIGHTEEN of which were of *titled* ladies,—together with SIXTY-EIGHT elopements!* How many sales of wives by private contract, according to the fashion of Mr. and Mrs. Trent, in Fielding's *Amelia*, occurred during the same period, cannot be ascertained.

I do not, however, pretend to affirm, that no instance of this highly useful custom has happened in these States: on the contrary, there have been few better markets for white females than our own independent presiden-

* United States and England, p. 59.

tial nursery! In the first days of that colony, 'on the motion of sir Edward Sandy, treasurer of the company in London, **NINETY GIRLS**, young and incorrupt, were shipped off in one consignment, by the grace of God, and in good condition' to Virginia, and 'sold for the benefit of the company, who had never speculated in so marketable a commodity.' The price of a wife was at first an hundred pounds of tobacco,—but rose by degrees to an hundred and fifty; tobacco being worth three shillings a pound: a wife, at that time, was consequently worth precisely one hundred dollars!

But—to descend to modern times—we find with surprise, that some Tennessee wives are about equal in value to the far famed Circassians, and worth, upon an average, about one hundred and fifty times as much as a Smithfield beauty!—A Persian prefers the charms of a Georgian, and examines her 'points' with great minuteness; he selects a slave with a rosy, or carnation tint on her cheek,—dark hair,—large, black, Antelope eyes, and arched eye-brows,—small nose and mouth,—white teeth,—long neck,—delicate limbs,—and small joints: for

a young one of this description, he pays about 350 dollars. I venture to say, that western speculators would have no objection to select their purchases by the same standard, although I have not the means of ascertaining whether the object of the following paragraph was actually gifted with similar inducements; it is given on the authority of the Monitor, a paper printed in Franklin county, Tennessee: '*A few days since (August 1818;) a man sold his wife in this county for 325 dollars!*'

Various, indeed, is the value of woman, dependent upon the whims and peculiarities of time and country. One individual adorns them with

'Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love,'

whilst another declares they are only fit

'To suckle fools, and chronicle small-beer!'

A Chinese beauty of number one, is worth about \$1000;—of number two, \$500;—of number three, \$100;—and an ugly, or deformed woman, only \$50: if they are blessed with *small feet* they will command 50 to 100

per cent. advance!* The women of the Marquesas are bartered for old iron;—the primitive damsels of Virginia were valued at one hundred dollars;—a Tennessee lady brought three hundred and twenty-five;—Georgian beauties sell for three hundred and fifty;—a good, robust, well-formed, black, breeding, Congo-ess is, perhaps, equally valuable;—the ladies of Nicobar may be purchased for a leaf of tobacco;—those of Thibet for pure civility;—and those of Smithfield for two shillings and six-pence sterling, or fifty-five cents and an half!—Such are the fluctuations in price with regard to this valuable commodity.

There are three ‘bang-up’ amusements, which it is absolutely necessary to domesticate before we can conquer the *desoeurement* of high life, or be at all worthy of European fashionable consideration. These are, 1. Betting: 2. Cocking: and 3. Boxing.

* I do not include the higher Mandarins, nor principal Hong merchants, who often give an enormous price for a beautiful, or highly accomplished concubine;—but these are the current prices, received from an intelligent *Outside* merchant. In China, young girls of beauty are selected and purchased by regular traders, who educate them for the use of the powerful and opulent. *Vide Voy. a Pekin, tome 2, p. 292*—*Van Braam, vol. 2, p. 181*, *Staunton, vol. 2, pp. 366, 512*.—*Barrow, pp. 145, 519, 595*.—*Du Halde, vol. 1, p. 205*.

BETTING, with the exception of cards, is almost exclusively confined in this city to elections, probably because betting on the result of an election is prohibited by an express law. I am rejoiced, however, to be informed, by the following extract from the Sporting Magazine, that an occasional instance of spirited betting does occur in Philadelphia:

'BOLD BETTING.'

'A person in Philadelphia bet 500 dollars that he would go into the Mayor's house, give him a blow, and retire without molestation! Having told him his object, he gave him a smart slap on the shoulder, and was committed to prison!*

A few more examples of this nature would gain us some respectability in Europe,—for is it not shameful, that all the bets won and lost in the city of Philadelphia since the revolutionary war, do not equal the amount paid in ONE DAY at Tattersall's? 'It is supposed by the best judges on the turf, that 300,000 guineas (*one million and an half of dollars!*) were won and lost at Epsom, and paid at Tattersall's on the following Monday!—Is it not afflicting that all the stakes

* Sporting Magazine.

deposited in all sections of the United States during one year, does not, perhaps, amount to *one half* the sums betted in the city of London alone, during the same period, which (according to Mr. Colquhoun) have amounted to 31,111,111 dollars and 11 cents, besides 13,933,333 dollars and 33 cents, for fraudulent insurances on lotteries?*

* By the following information, derived from the Bibliothèque Historique, we find that our French rivals are not less triumphant:

BUDGET DES JEUX PUBLICS.

ETAT DES FRAIS ANNUELS DES JEUX DE PARIS.

7 *Tables de Trente-Un.*

9 *de Roulette.*

1 *Passe Dix.*

1 *Craps.*

1 *Creps.*

1 *Biribi.*

—
20
—

These 20 Tables are distributed about Paris; the established stake varies from a Napoleon to a *sous*, so that every man may find a table suited to his fortune.

		<i>Francs.</i>
Current expenses of these establishments	-	1,551,480
‘Bail’ to the government	-	6,000,000
Bonus for the ‘bail’	-	166,666
		<hr/>
		7,718,146

It appears from documents, that the average gain of the tables is 800,000 francs per mo. or

per annum. 9,600,000

Leaving a clear profit of - - - **Francs** 1,831,854
And

Let us then imitate these brilliant specimens of '*bon ton*,' and instead of our Renshaws and Rubicams, our Strattons and Sixtes, forthwith establish models of the far-famed Brookes and Boodles, and Tattersalls and Whites of London!

It is a fact which no sophistry can invalidate, that until we are enterprising and spirited enough to hazard bets on the most *outré* and novel experiments, we can never cope with our English rivals: even in the common art of pedestrianism we are but ignorant *tyros*. Let a few examples bear witness to the fact.

The celebrated pedestrian, Mr. Barnet walked 1500 miles in 32 days; and not satisfied with this feat, actually completed the distance of 1000 miles at the rate of 1 1-2 miles per hour, commencing at *the first of every successive hour!*

A Mr. Eaton gained £500, by walking 2000 miles in 2000 half-hours, beginning at *the first of every successive half-hour!*

Mr. Edward Miller walked 100 miles in

And yet, in spite of this unanswerable logic of figures and facts, there are every day fresh victims, who are infatuated enough to believe that it is possible to counterbalance the advantage which the bank possesses, by a judicious management of the power the player has of altering his stake.—*Vide The Diary of an Invalid*, p. 506.

23 hours 54 minutes!—and a Mr. Wilson walked the same distance in 24 hours, with ease, at Yarmouth races, for 500 dollars!

A ‘champion pedestrian’ has offered to stake £2000, that he would walk 4000 *miles* in 2000 *successive hours!*—(This feat would require 83 days, and 8 hours for its performance!)

Crisp the pedestrian walked *backwards* seven miles in one hour and ten minutes!

On the 24th April, a boy ran *nearly* 60 *miles by the side of a stage-coach* in 6 hours 25 minutes, having performed eleven miles in the first hour!

But some of our scrupulous exquisites may object—in principle!—to following examples emanating from the *canaille*; to dissipate these honourable scruples (which, however, need not prevent betting on the results,) let us select one or two from among British military pedestrians.

Captain Barclay performed 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, at one mile the hour, and gained such universal fame, that he is immortalised by the nomenclature of that particular feat, thenceforth called *the great Barclay match!**

* This immortal pedestrian has elicited new scintillations

Lieutenant Brooke of the royal regiment of horse guards, a famous pedestrian, walked *50 miles in 9 hours 58 minutes*, and proceeding 50 miles further, performed the 100 miles in *24 hours and 18 minutes*!

The delicacy of our *aspirants* may therefore be conscientiously dispensed with.

It cannot be denied, as in the subjoined instance, that fatal accidents will occasionally happen, but such individual misfortunes cannot be put in competition with the general gratification of society: 'Mr. Graves, aged 21, landlord of the Lamp Tavern, undertook for a wager of £20, to walk eighteen miles in three hours; on his return he was unable to proceed when within 3 miles of completing his task, and within 35 minutes of the time allowed. He was immediately conveyed to a tavern, and medical aid was obtained, but to no effect; *he died the next morning!*'

As to betting performances in general, a great deal depends upon their variety, without which they cannot be considered '*exactly the thing:*' a few brief examples will

of betting genius: he undertook for a large wager, to *BEG* during six weeks as a *common mendicant!*

serve as a guide to the uninformed on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Pheps Medley, a *respectable* tradesman, bet £20 to £5, that he would drag half a hundred-weight of iron 1400 yards up a hill with a rope of that length, in the space of six hours, which he performed in two hours! ‘A good deal of money was lost on this occasion.’ This was a very novel idea of the ‘respectable tradesman,’ and betrays a mind well versed in betting ingenuity.

The hostler of the Dragon Inn at Harrowgate also elucidated talents of this nature, not expected from a man in his situation: he undertook for a wager of one guinea, (moderate enough!) to drag a heavy phaeton three times round the race course in six hours, and performed his arduous undertaking in 2 3-4 hours!

Lord Gwydir had a French cook gifted with like accomplishments. He won a considerable wager by rolling a piece of wood, like a trencher, *four miles in ninety-nine starts!*

Two countrymen in England also invented a betting novelty. They placed 100 potatoes separately in a row at one yard distance from each other, and stationed a bas-

ket at one yard from the first potatoe; whichever could gather up his 100 potatoes first, by depositing each one separately in the basket, to be entitled to the stakes, being 5 guineas. The conqueror completed his task in 38 minutes having gone nearly six miles! To how much better purpose might our farmers employ their time in thus gathering a few hundred potatoes, than in planting, weeding, and hoeing whole acres!

Mr. Usher, clown to the theatre, set off in a machine like a washing tub, *drawn by four geese*, from below Southwark Bridge, and passed under four bridges to Cumberland Gardens; the geese were harnessed to a pole. On his arrival he offered to bet 100 guineas that he would return in the same manner.

Two noblemen, oppressed with the *ennui* of travelling, at length resorted to a novel amusement, by betting £1000 on *two drops of rain rolling down the glass of the coach!* One of these Peers, a few days before lost £2000, on a MAGGOT RACE.

A respectable gentleman of Cambridge undertook, for a considerable sum, to walk 12 miles on *stilts*, his feet being elevated one

yard from the ground, which he performed in 3 hours and 53 minutes!

I will conclude these specimens of variegated betting with the feats of certain gentlemen of the medical faculty.

Two medical gentlemen undertook to walk a certain distance in three hours, stopping at every public house on both sides of the road, (22 in number!) and drinking half-a pint of porter at each, which they performed within five minutes of the time allowed, having swallowed *ten quarts and two pints of beer!*

Mr. J. B. Gilbert, surgeon in his majesty's service, for a wager of 31 guineas, undertook *to take out 18 teeth*, mere or less carious, from patients selected for that purpose, without the aid of *any instrument or force*, with his fingers only, and unattended by pain, in 24 minutes! He completed his task *in seven minutes!*

This is acknowledged by all to be one of the most novel and ingenious bets ever officially recorded; but, when I consider the professional skill in itself, I am almost willing to believe the newspaper-professions of our dentists and surgeon dentists.

With respect to COCKING we have much to learn, but as the rudiments of the sport are pretty well known, and there would be little difficulty in acquiring its practice in the neighbourhood of Spring Garden, or the purlieus of Feather Hall, the only thing to be recommended is its general introduction under the sanction of the civil authority, according to the custom of England, where cock-pits exist, in various towns and cities, under the immediate patronage of the respective corporations;—for example, the corporation cock-pit of Metropolitan Canterbury!—I believe, however, that interesting scene of destruction, *The Welch Main*, has not been *got up* in any of our private cock-pits. As it will be the first step towards a permanent domestication of this amusing and humane pastime, and is, moreover, the very essence of fashionable cocking, a brief description will be necessary: ‘It usually consists of *eight pair* of cocks, who fight till *one half* are killed; the conquerors are then pitted against each other, ’till *only four* being left alive, these are again matched, and *two being slain*, the survivors are, by an excess of barbarity, again set to fight; so that of the WHOLE SIXTEEN there remains but *ONE ALIVE!*’ We must, at least, respect

the tender feelings of this writer, notwithstanding he is so *outré* as to stamp a Welch Main with the stigma of barbarity! In the sight of fashion it is unequivocally the most delightful and interesting amusement, with the exception of prize boxers; we naturally feel more gratified when the actors are human beings like ourselves!

Of all the resorts to which British fashion owes its present superiority, PUGILISM possesses the greatest claims to our attention; not that private pugilism, which might be useful in self-defence, but public prize boxing,—an art of such mighty power, that it elevates the coal-heaver, the publican, the porter, or the negro,—who happens to possess muscular strength, large bones, and a thick skull—into the society of rank and fashion. Crib and Molineux, by virtue of this art, could ride in the coaches of nobility, and hang upon the arms of titled ‘Corinthians;’ yet Crib was a tavern-keeper, and Molineux a black-man! However, in some cases, it was very doubtful which party was most disgraced by the association.

Let us then arouse from our inactivity, and become followers of *The Fancy*: let us become *knowing-ones*, learn how to *hedge off*, and make ourselves proficients in *sets-*

to. Let us *peel for action*,—make *play*,—*throw about our handfuls of bones*,—make our adversaries *kiss their mother earth with their crupper-bones*,—*thump them in the optics*,—find out their *victualling-offices*,—*cross-buttock 'em neatly*,—*give it to 'em in the bread-basket*,—*knob 'em, fib 'em and mill 'em*,—*be bang-up to the weaving-system*,—and perfect adepts in *russianing bouts*!

Laying aside the gratification arising from prize boxing, it ought to be encouraged from patriotic motives: Mr. Windham, the Parliamentary advocate* of bull baiting, boxing, and other *sports* of similar features, attributes the support of British courage to the general influence of ferocious customs:—and the great lord Wellington derives the origin of good swords-men from cudgel playing!—A grand match of single stick playing took place at Salford, ‘principally

* This ‘illustrious statesman,’ whose matchless eloquence caused the benevolent bull baiting bill of Sir Richard Hill ‘to be *laughed out* of the House of Commons,’ supported the pugilistic art on christian, humane, and national grounds, as a substitute for maiming encounters, and the stiletto of other countries! But what says the Quarterly Review, a few years after the circulation of this sophistry? ‘*Assassination has become dreadfully frequent among us.*’

Qu. Rev. July, 1813.

at the suggestion of the illustrious duke of Wellington,' who declared 'that it had materially tended to promote and establish the great superiority of our gallant countrymen in the use of the broad-sword: 'it was consequently determined 'by many *distinguished* characters to make it an annual meeting: *nineteen heads were broken on this occasion!*

There can be no doubt that the frequent recurrence of scenes, such as I will now present, will be attended with the most salutary consequences, by strengthening the feelings of the rising and risen generation, and making them familiar with suffering and blood, without which they can never be good soldiers, or great heroes: the battle of Waterloo might have been lost but for the indirect assistance of bull-baiting, boxing and single-stick!

Let me now present a few pugilistic examples:

The first battle of Tom Oliver, a renowned pugilist, was with a Stone Mason, who, after *a year and a half suffering*, DIED from the injury he then received!

But the murdered Mason at length found an avenger in the person of one Carter, who entered the lists with the redoubtable Oliver,

'In the 32nd round, he (Oliver) was taken out of the ring in a kind of stupor, and completely deprived of vision. The swelled appearance of his head beggared all description, and his body and back were shockingly lacerated all over, from his struggling so much upon the ropes: he was taken and put to bed at Longtown, four miles from the ring, and in consequence of the vast quantity of blood he had lost, added to his exhausted state, the surgeons who were called in, deemed it highly dangerous that he should be bled!'

Randall and Turner, two professors of the *fistic art*, afforded the Fancy considerable amusement in the neighbourhood of London, in December 1818; there was some disappointment, however, excited by the death of the queen, on which account the exhibition was postponed *from Tuesday to Saturday!* Notwithstanding it was *only* 21 miles from London, as Saturday is '*a day of business in town*,' it was *only* attended by about twenty thousand people!! At the close of the 7th round Randall *showed such specimens of an English bull-dog, and so exchequered Turner's head, that it exhibited ONE MASS OF CLARET!!!* This *crack* specimen of an English brute, continued his advantage in the

next round, and ‘*split the bridge of his adversary’s nose;*’ after this ‘he made another tremendous right-handed hit upon the nose, and *the blood flew up to a tremendous height, and scattered about on the outside of the ropes!*’ In the 19th round, poor ‘Turner was bleeding copiously inwardly,’ but manfully ‘stood up until the 38th round, when Randall finished him by a *flush knock-down blow,* in two hours and twenty-two minutes!’

According to the fickleness of fortune, which in the first place revenged the death of the mason on Oliver, we now find that this same Mr. Turner had fully compensated for the sufferings he underwent through the last mentioned battle in 1818, by not only defeating, but absolutely *beating one Curtis to DEATH,* two years before! After a most dreadful encounter, Mr. Curtis was at last reduced to a wretched condition; ‘on being placed on his second’s knee, *his head lolled on one side,—he was in a state of darkness and insensibility,* and unable to come again.’ In a few hours HE DIED! and an inquest was held upon the body; the surgeon who had been employed, declared that his patient *was totally insensible,—his head a complete mass of blood,* and *not a single feature*

distinguishable! What was the result? Instead of being manacled, and confined in the cell of a murderer, the prisoner was adjudged guilty of manslaughter only, after a consultation of *twenty minutes*, and suffered to go at large under the care of an officer.

What a delightful resource would a similar occurrence prove—in the vicinity of Philadelphia! It would give animation to our *morning-calls*, and evening *conversazioni* for a month! Our newspaper editors would receive great benefit in the shape of moral reflections, religious thoughts, epigrams, and epitaphs,—our lawyers would be amused—and our judges enlivened with an interesting case of public murder!—Let us then have our Mendozas, our Gullys, our Cribs, and our Carters!

Such is one of the main supports of British courage, according to Mr. Windham and his followers, which concurred to uphold its invincibility during the late war, more especially at New Orleans, Baltimore, on the frontiers of Canada, and the high seas in general.

In our present state of barbarity, pugilism in this country scarcely ranks above that of Italy;

‘ Their hands fair knocks, or foul, in fury rain,
And in the tempest of by-blows and bruises,
Not a stray fisticuff descends in vain,
But blood from eyes and mouth and nostrils oozes:
Nor stop they there, but in their phrenzy pull at
Whatever comes to hand,—hair, nose, or gullet.’*

There is, however, one practice in vogue among a few miserable wretches on the banks of the Ohio, called GOUGING, which is patriotically believed to be of domestic origin. I am sorry to destroy even this slight claim to originality; but a certain Dr. Bardsley, of Manchester, has unfortunately composed an Essay, which entirely destroys our claim to that decisive invention: it was written for the express purpose of recommending the art of boxing, ‘ *as the best means of preventing the prevailing practice of biting, gouging, mutilating, and murdering.* ’†—The Quarterly Review and Dr. Bardsley are decidedly at variance, as the former has defined gouging to be ‘ *a diabolical practice, which has never disgraced Europe, and for which no other people (but Americans) have a name.* ’

The gouging system of our Kentucky brethren has been described by many travel-

* Rose’s Letters from Italy.—Trans. of Battachi.

† Port Folio, 1816. *et seq.*

lers. That arrant fugitive, squire Janson, declares, that 'he actually saw a crowd applauding a fellow while he held up his antagonist's eye in his hand!*' According to Weld, the traveller of moschetoe-memory—'the combatants pride themselves upon the dexterity with which they can pluck out an eye, *bite off a nose*, (*vide* the Manchester battles,) or *break a jaw* (remember Molineux!) with the kick of their foot!† Ashe chimes in; 'In *roughing* and *tumbling*, it is allowable to *peel* the skull, *tear* out the *eyes*, and *smooth away* the nose!‡ The Rev. Mr. Morse swells out the chorus; 'In coming to close quarters, each endeavours to twist his fore-fingers in the ear-locks of his antagonist. When these are fast clenched, the thumbs are extended, each to the nose, and the *eyes gently turned out of the socket!*' A writer in a periodical work of *this* city, for May 1787, thirty-three years ago, affirms that he 'saw one man throw another down, and in an instant thrust his fingers into *both eyes*, pluck them out, and *throw them upon the ground!*' The sufferer—of course—had

* *Stranger in America*, p. 302.

† *Weld's Travels*, vol. 2, p. 300.

‡ *Ashe's Travels*, vol. 2, p. 28.

‘a wife and *six* small children,’ solely dependent upon ‘the labour of his hands.’— Finally, Mr. John Palmer, who had much better avoid a second tour through that section of the Union, makes the following remarks. ‘The question is generally asked,— “Will you fight fair, or take it rough and tumble? I can whip you either way, by G—d!” The English reader knows what fair fighting is, but can have little idea of *rough and tumble*; in the latter case, the combatants take advantage, pull, bite, and kick, and with *hellish ferocity* strive to *gouge or turn each others’ eyes out of their sockets!*’

The inhabitants of England, however, are not quite so ignorant of ‘*rough and tumble*’ as Mr. Palmer pretends to believe. ‘In some parts of Lancashire,’ says Dr. Bardsley, ‘*man-slaying* is a *common* practice. The object of each combatant in these disgraceful contests, is to throw each other prostrate on the ground, and then with *hands and feet, teeth and nails*, to inflict, at random, every *possible degree* of injury and torment.’ In very truth, these men of Lancashire bear a strong resemblance to the *gougers* of Kentucky!

At one assizes, no less than nine persons were convicted of manslaughter, originating from these 'rough and tumble' encounters, a specimen of which I now offer, that completely sears the laurels of our western boatmen. 'It appeared in evidence, (at the Manchester sessions) that two persons upon some trifling dispute at a public house, agreed to lock themselves up in a room with the landlord, and "fight it out," according to the Bolton method. Their contest lasted a long time, and was only terminated by the loss of *the greatest part of the nose*, and *a part of an ear* belonging to one of the parties, which were actually *bitten off* by the other, during the fight. The sufferer exhibited at the trial part of the ear so torn off; and when asked by the counsel what had become of that part of his nose which was missing, he replied with perfect naïveté—"that he believed his antagonist had **swallowed it!!**"—Such are the words of Dr. Bardsley, who further declares, that he 'has witnessed, in more than one instance, the picking up in the streets, *lacerated portions of EARS and FINGERS*, after these detestable and savage broils!'

In the lively amusement of cruelty towards animals, we have made considerable progress. Our city councils authorise an annual massacre of our faithful and affectionate companions and protectors, the dogs; and at other times their ears and tails are lopped off according to the taste of the owner: our butchers are admirably skilled in tormenting calves and sheep before they are slaughtered, and our rising generation well versed in hunting cats, and shooting into flocks of ortolans and black-birds. But, not only from the evidence of our own senses, but the testimony of English writers, our greatest improvement in this branch has been confined to the Horse. Of the truth of this position, we may, in a certain degree, judge for ourselves, by inspecting the oyster equipages at Spruce street wharf, the rozinantes of the wood-carts in all quarters of the city, and the miserable display of hack-horses in Dock street: but, considering the authority, we should be cautious in admitting the whole truth of the subsequent statement, relative to this topic. Extravagant praise sometimes borders upon irony, and we ought never to permit our self-love to get the better of our senses; as we are quickly

approaching the elevated situation of our mother-country in this important particular, we have no need of foreign encouragement to hasten our advance.

‘ This instance of *more than savage* cruelty was exercised on a poor horse, which the Americans had made use of *all day* in carting their plunder, and in the evening, whilst still tackled to the cart, *tied him* to the end of a dwelling house *then in flames*, and *amused* themselves in *looking* at the poor animal making vain efforts to get loose: but *there he was burnt*, and his bones seen there by the writer of this account!

‘ Oh! horrible! Oh! horrible! most horrible! ’
Shakspeare.

When, where, or by whom, this exquisitely original cruelty was performed does not appear, but I cannot refrain from extracting the remarks of the writer, (or rather *author*,) as a burst of eloquence, the more astonishing as it is found in the pages of the Sporting Magazine!

‘ Gracious Heaven!—(*a pause:*)—it harrows up our very soul to reflect on such diabolical barbarity, that men should have waded so far in blood, (*of a horse,*) as to treat

all moral feeling with contempt—to tie a useful animal to the stake*—to exhibit all the outward signs of pleasure—to exult with ecstasy on witnessing the horrid and appalling convulsions, which nature vainly made to escape from being burnt to death!—Such wretches ought to be scouted from off the face of the earth, and branded with the opprobrious name of *Infernal*, to proclaim their passions to those nations (*in the other world*) who shall receive such abominable delinquents!!!!' Bless me!—this must have been written by Counsellor Phillips! It reminds me of our own martial Parollo, who offered a resignation to his commanding officer, concluding in the following words:

‘And when this mortal part shall be closetted in the dust, and the soul shall wing its flight to the regions above, *in passing by the pale-faced moon*, I shall hang my hat on brilliant *Mars*, and make a report to each superlative star! and arriving at the portal of heaven’s high chancery, shall demand of the attending angel to be ushered into the presence of **WASHINGTON**!!’—This is very like Irish eloquence.

* The orator has here committed a discrepancy, as the original place of torture appears to have been a *house*.

But alas! we are compelled, in almost every particular, to succumb to British superiority. One might have thought that roasting a horse would form a very ingenious climax to cruelty, and that our countrymen had, at length, succeeded in surpassing their transatlantic rivals: but no!—our *Roasted Horse* vanishes before a ROASTED MAN!!—How difficult indeed is a positive approximation! If we *gouge* the eye of one man, they bite off the noses and ears of half a dozen!—if a semi-savage on the frontiers shoot the Indian assassin who has burnt his dwelling and murdered his family, the roads of England swarm with high-waymen who will blow out one's brains for half-a-guinea!—if an ill-bred, unfeeling carter overloads his wood cart, the Prince Regent's fox-hounds are '*blooded*' by dislocating the leg of an innocent deer!—if we *roast a horse*, they *roast a man*!!

The history of the horse is recorded without name, date, or location, but the history of the man is contained in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, of which the following are the precise words:

‘On Friday (April 1818.) the deceased called Borrowman, having approached the

spot in the muir of Dumbarton where some men were engaged in smuggling, they at first gave him whiskey, which he drank in large quantities. *They then stripped him naked, and having rubbed his body with whiskey, THEY SET HIM ON FIRE, and tortured him in the manner of the American Indians. He survived only 24 hours!*

Respecting the treatment of the horse in England, lord Erskine declared, in the House of Peers, that 'he could bring the most unexceptionable testimony to their lordship's bar, to prove the existence of such practises as were a disgrace to humanity,—to a civilised nation; one barbarous practice was *the cutting and tearing out the tongue of so noble an animal as the horse.*' He also observed that they were bought up by dealers in horse-flesh, not to be killed at once for their skins and flesh, but to be '*literally starved to death, that the market might be gradually fed!*'—in the mean time the poor animals even '*gnaw each other's manes from hunger!*'—Even the Sporting Magazine, that official organ of fashionable cruelty, declares, that the places of these dealers are '*dens of famine, animal misery, and*

torture, which might make humanity weep tears of blood!

Nothwithstanding the progress of this refinement, it is, in our country, generally confined to the lower classes, but if I produce no less an example than the mighty monarch who now fills the British throne, our men of '*the ton*' can have no hesitation in extending its improvement.

Some years ago, the Prince Regent's fox-hounds were taken out *to be blooded to their new game*: two couple of the stag-hounds accompanied them. A stag was turned out from a cart, *whose leg had been dislocated*, in which agonising state *he ran an hour and three quarters*, and was taken beyond Hartford Bridge!—This account may be found in that same sensitive Sporting Magazine, which contains the marvellous history of the roasted horse.

In DOG-FIGHTING, we have many blackguards and butcher's-boys who take great delight; but—except in private places, where no general gratification is afforded, nor betting carried on,—there are few gentlemen independent enough to patronise that noble amusement, so well calculated to improve the breed, and add new strength and valour

to the canine defender of man! In England such effeminacy of taste is not 'the fashion.' A desperate battle took place at Ridgeway, near Plympton, Devon, between two celebrated bull-dogs, severally belonging to *Colonel* Berkeley, and Mr. Benjamin, umbrella-maker of Plymouth. 'After a *ferocious contest of one hour*, in which Mr. Benjamin's dog was nearly *torn to pieces*, the victory terminated in favour of Colonel Berkeley's dog. The Colonel went to the ground in his coach, drawn by four grays, accompanied by three or four *gentlemen*, and a *LADY!!* and Mr. B., attended by a friend, followed in his gig. The scene of battle was thronged by a great assemblage of *distinguished characters!*'

BULL-BAITING has, of late years, fallen into disrepute: I perfectly remember the frequent occurrence of this delightful sport, near the turnpike gate on the Ridge Road, and can only account for its annihilation in two ways,—fear of the law, and the want of fashionable *impetus*. I, however, trust, when we consider the superior flavour afforded to our beef-steaks by the emollient exercise of Bull-Baiting, together with the pleasures of witnessing the hercu-

lean defence of that noble animal, that our legislature will at least, (according to English custom) wink at its commission, and our young men institute regular associations for its support.

The more I examine into the subject, the greater becomes my national jealousy, while witnessing the guilty supineness of my countrymen, and the mighty superiority of Great Britain. Let us take example from the Annual Bull Runnings, and Bull Baitings of Tutbury and Stamford;—let us emulate Caleb Baldwin, Bull-Baiter, of Tothill-fields, Westminster!

But it will be necessary to describe the Tutbury and Stamford customs to which I allude, commencing with the former, and making use of all possible brevity.

The Tutbury custom is of great antiquity, being connected with the endowments of the priory, the superior of which was obliged on a certain day,—‘on the morrow after the assumption of the blessed Virgin,’—to deliver either a bull or 40d. in money to the ‘King of the Minstrels,’ who was accompanied by every minstrel in the honour of Tutbury,’ which comprehends the counties of Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Leices-

ter, and Warwick. After the dissolution the custom was entailed on the possessors of the priory. On the appointed day a bull was turned out from the gates of the priory having '*the tips of his horns sawed off, his ears and tail cut off, his body smeared all over with soap, and his nose blown full of beaten pepper!*' If any of the appointed pursuers *cut off a piece of his skin* before he could reach Derbyshire, he became the property of the king of the minstrels, but if he reached there *sound and uncut*, he again reverted to the lord-prior. In the first case he was '*collared and roped*,' and so brought to the *Bull-Ring in the High Street at Tutbury, and there baited with dogs.*'*

Many alterations in this usage took place at subsequent periods, and it was *a few years ago*, entirely abolished by the Duke of Devonshire, the grantee of the priory estates.

The Stamford bull running and baiting is still continued, (1816) of which the following is a concise account: A certain earl of Warren in the time of king John, '*having accidentally witnessed the confusion and uproar occasioned by the hunting of a mad*

* Popular Pastimes, p. 22.

bull through the streets, was so pleased with the sport,' that he gave certain meadows, in perpetuity, to the butchers of the town, 'upon condition that on the anniversary of that day, *viz.*, exactly six weeks before Christmas, *they should forever provide a mad bull for the continuance of the sport.*'

'In the modern practice, the shops and houses are all shut up, and all the avenues of the town closed, when the bull is turned out; the poor animal is then pursued by dogs, men, *women and children*, with a din that might rend 'Heaven's concave,' till with their *bull-clubs, sticks, staves, &c.* THE SKIN AND FLESH are literally separated FROM HIS BONES!'

Such are the English 'butchers' of Stamford, and such is the amusement of which we are deprived by our own inactivity! O! that one of our members of Congress would imitate the example of that 'enlightened statesman'—William Wyndham Esquire—and cause boxing, bull-baiting, and bear-baiting to be considered essential in forming the character of the people, and giving strength of feeling, and valour to the rising generation! Without this, we can never cope with the children of Stamford.

I cannot close the subject of bull baiting without recording a most novel improvement, invented by the men of Staffordshire; let us extract the words of Dr. Bardsley himself, from Nicholson's Philosophical Magazine for 1806: 'at a bull-baiting in Staffordshire, after the animal had been baited with *single dogs*, he was *attacked by numbers* let loose upon him *at once*. Having escaped from his tormentors, they again fastened him to the ring; and, with a view either of gratifying their savage revenge, or of better securing their victim, *they actually cut off his hoofs*, and enjoyed the spectacle of his being *worried to death on his BLOODY AND MAN-GLED STUMPS!!*'—Well may we repeat the quotation of the historian of the roasted horse,

‘Oh! horrible! Oh! horrible! most horrible!’

I have already written enough to show the vast difficulties that must be encountered before we can reach the pinnacle of European fashion, and the prospect is positively disheartening.

Why do we not abandon our *gum-ticklers* and *phlegm-cutters*,—our *cocktails* and *clear-comforters*,—our *anti-fogmatics* and *gall-*

*breakers,** and get drunk as they do in England at a 'jockey' or a 'tally-ho club?' or dine like lord Byron, on the wing of a partridge,

* I cannot resist the introduction, in this place, of an extract from the Lecture of Dr. Mitchell, a dignified professor of physic in New York, who has thus ridiculed the various denominations and classifications of drinks,—with a true professional accuracy and dignity.

ANTIFOGMATICS. &c. &c.

Popular remedies against external and internal foggness.

Genus 1st. **GUM TICKLER** warms the gums, and removes bad taste from the mouth, after sleeping.

Species 1st. **GLASS OF GIN.**

2nd. **DRAM OF BITTERS.**

3d. **RAW SLINGS**, or any other good stuff.
(Alcholic.)

4th. **SMALL HORN** of distilled cordial.

To be taken immediately on awakening, or at farthest, on getting out of bed, to be repeated *pro re nata*. Should there be no fog in the morning, take the preventive, lest there should be one in the course of the day.

Genus 2d. **PHLEGM CUTTER**, for cleansing away the mucus that lines the throat, and removes thickness and hoarseness from the voice, and renders breathing and swallowing easy.

Species 1st. **EGG-NOG** made pure.

2nd. **MINT-JULIP** stiff.

3d. **BRANDY-SLING**, pretty well to the northward.

4th. **HOLLAND TWIST**, not too weak, lest the water should curdle the phlegm.

To be taken as the fog may indicate, *toties quoties*, between dressing and breakfast.

Genus 3d. **GALL-BREAKER**, challenges the grand enemy the bile, or calls the *bitter foe to health* to come forth from his lurking hole to a place where his forces may be broken in fair action.

and two bottles of Port? or—for either *extreme* is equally ‘*the go*’—feast, like a lord Mayor on green fat, calipash, and calipee, moistened with ‘*prince-regent?*’* Let our sober members of congress evince some scintillations of *spirit*, and emulate the hic-

Species 1st. **GROG** (rum and water) one to two, to overcome the insipidity or bad taste of the water.

2nd. **FLIP** (rum and beer) heated with the red poker until it foams.

3d. **SAMPSON**, rum and cider stewed over the coals.

4th. **TODDY**, grog and sugar with pulp of roasted apples.

5th. **PUNCH**, toddy with lemon juice, not too strong of the water.

6th. **BISHOP**, rum and wine, for the benefit of both.

7th. **DOCTOR**, rum and milk, diffusible and permanent stimuli.

8th. **COCKTAIL**, rum and honey, to combine sweetness with strength.

To be taken as the state of the weather may require, during the continuance of the fog.

Genus 4th. **CLEAR COMFORTER**, employed when the feebler agents fail to resist sufficiently the intensity of the fog, without and within.

Species 1st. **TINCTURE OF BARK**, by the gill.

2d. **SPICED WINE**, with ginger, hot, and qualified by whiskey.

3d. **CURE-ALL**, rum and brandy, 4th proof, equal parts, heated so as to simmer, and stewed with a spoonful of red pepper to take off the chills.

* Whiskey punch, so named from the fondness of ‘an illustrious personage’ for that liquor; if the same rule of

cupping honours of Pitt and Dundas, in the House of Commons!

Our ladies, too, have a glorious opportunity of signalising themselves, by encouraging the art of Painting, after the fashion of The Water Cress Girl, and lady Hamilton: instead of these novelties, among the fair sex, we are pestered with Dr. M——'s erudite account of the somniferous Rachel Baker, or a prosing editor's history of that wonderful old *spinning* woman—Sally Babb! Heavens! what a contrast—lady Hamilton and Rachel Baker!—The Water Cress Girl and Sally Babb!

If our ladies could be induced to follow the footsteps of the British fair, we might have our Erskines and our Garrows, our Currans, and our Phillips' and be amused with the horrors of *a fire-side desolation*, or laugh when *the bright temple of anticipation falls smouldering into the burning whirlpool of reality!!*

christening were extended in the ratio of the 'fondness,' we should have but one name for all the liquors in the world——but *water!*

'Who holds more wine than others can,
I count a hogshead—not a man.'

Randolph.

I am well aware of the difficulties that oppose the introduction of many fashions from one country into another, arising from the different feelings and manners of nations; and that causes which originate them in England might have a very different effect in this country. A queen of France discovered a *flea* upon her arm, and a king of England, a more troublesome insect on his plate; but mark the different effects produced at St. Cloud, and at St. James. The French belles immediately invented a fashionable *couleur-de-puce*, but all the attendants on English majesty were compelled to *wear wigs!*

Our English origin, similarity of language, and above all, our determined taste for British inventions, tend to destroy such obstacles.

If our belles are so unfashionable as to plead the opposition of their worthy MAMMAS, as an effectual obstruction to fashionable notoriety, they may with perfect propriety, not only advocate their wishes on the broad ground of an improvement in the state of society, but refer such unconscionable parents to the days of *their* youth, when they were decorated with '*broad-hoops*,' and

‘*bell-hoops*,’—‘*high-heads*’ and ‘*low-heads*!’ When—according to a writer of that time,—‘the wool which might cover the legs of hundreds of the poor, was deviated from that use, and manufactured into odious **BUSTLERS**!’—‘The bustler *must* yield to the feelings of humanity;’ continues the indignant moralist, excepting, with due charity, the cases of ‘aged matrons and antiquated virgins,’ on account of their ‘frigidity.’”

After premising that this fashion reigned in the good city of Philadelphia about thirty years ago, let me describe the origin of Bustlers, for the sole benefit of those young ladies who are subjected to the censures of their mothers, either for immoderate lacing,—for using steel supporters instead of whale-bone,—or for wearing corsets at all. In the year 1783, a German Duchess visited London, adorned with a jutting magnificence, which engaged the attention of the ladies of that court, who forthwith put the inventions of their mantua-makers to the torture, to discover some habiliment which might convey a correspondent protuberance to their own persons. A woollen bolster, called *The Bustler*, was accordingly manufactured, being named after the fashionable duchess

who had been gifted with natural endowments to excite the envy of the British fair;—and our mothers soon introduced the fashion into this country.

The old critic who abuses our ancestors, also attacks ‘their enormous hats bedizened with a profusion of ribands and feathers,’—so that upon the whole, (as the reviewers say) our élégantes may, with great success, vindicate the symmetrical perfection of corsets, by reviling the horrid rotundity of bell-hoops and bustlers.

If their mothers, according to immemorial usage, preach about the growing degeneracy of fashionable customs, let their daughters remind them of ancient fashions; not only of the old ludicrous accoutrements of a Philadelphia belle, but of all anterior customs. Let them call to their remembrance the gay ladies of the fourteenth century, who (according to Knyghton) were used to ‘dress in parti-coloured tunics, one half being of one colour, and the other half of another;—their lirripoops or tippets, very short;—their caps remarkably little, and wrapt about their heads with cords;—their girdles, and pouches ornamented with gold and silver, and wearing short swords, called daggers, before

them, a little below their navels!' Sometimes these damsels wore 'head-dresses enormously high, rising almost three feet above their heads, in the shape of sugar-loaves, with streamers of fine silk flowing from the top of them to the ground!'

If any unfortunate '*bang-up*' has an ill-natured, old-fashioned, preaching, PAPA, let him justify his *exquisiteness* by referring to the reign of Edward the third; for, although in all human probability he never before heard of such a person, he may be assured that I do not magnify the fashionable oddities of that period. A beau then 'wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains;—hose of one colour on one leg, and of another colour on the other;—short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thigh, and remarkably tight;—a coat one half white, and the other half, black or blue;—a long beard;—and a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, &c. gold, silver, and precious stones.' What reasonable father can now impugn the moderation of the present day?*

* I of course allude to the moderation of all countries; for however strange may be the *garniture* of an English fop

The origin of many fashions, which might otherwise have been ridiculous enough, pleads forcibly in their behalf. Are we not patriots enough to admire the fashionable gentlemen of that court, who with one accord arranged their heads in such a position as to assimilate to, and conceal the defect of his majesty, who had a wry neck? or those faithful subjects who instituted high cravats, because their royal master had a scrofula in the neck? Should we not admire the benevolence of fashion, which (in the invention

in 1820, it is *somewhat* less ridiculous than that of the 'olden time.' To prove this assertion, I take advantage of the following extract from the letter of an American lady in London, descriptive of a dandy lord, and dated about two months ago.

I was in Hyde Park on Sunday. It was crowded with fashion. Lord Petersham is the *blood of the day*. He is the most complete show I ever saw. He wears large mustachios, a beard or tuft on his chin, very high collar to his shirt, a black cravat tied in a large bow where the ruffles should be, a white dress, resembling a carter's frock, and over that a black jemmy coat, almost off his shoulders, with his coat sleeves turned half way up his arms, his wristbands covering his hands. He wears a very small hat, with a very low crown, and a small rim, just to cover the top of his head, and a *bouquet* before him completes this object. He has a little footman, in white livery, by his side. He bawls out, "*how are you*," so loud, you can hear him almost over the Park. His face is as yellow as a pumpkin. He attracts general attention, and whenever he stops, he is surrounded.'

of large bonnets,) coincided with the views of an unfortunate countess, who, with a most enchanting mouth and chin, had lost an eye by the small-pox? and with exemplary kindness, followed the example of a noble lady, who, being afflicted with a swelled face, inclined her bonnet till one side touched the shoulder, and thus concealed her deformity?—Our ladies may, therefore, with impunity, institute such novelties as they please, without fear of subjecting themselves to ridicule from the other side of the water.

The invention of woman is so varied, that I do not pretend to dictate any new method of attaining fashionable pre-eminence; but it is only by a decided revolution of established rules, that permanent fame can be acquired. For example, let our belles condemn corsets, and symmetry of form; they will have the whole faculty of physic to support them in the first measure, and no less a personage than the king of Great Britain as an ally in favour of *embonpoint*! They are fortunately in possession of the means of acquiring it, according to the custom of fattening Turkish beauties: they must use no exercise, live in 'dark narrow rooms,' lie 'on soft cushions,' eat nothing but 'maize soup,' and

keep 'strict silence!' The latter would, of itself, be enough to hand the memory of the taciturn inventress down to the latest posterity!*

With domestic concerns, our true *élégantes* should never interfere; it is a pre-eminent token of vulgarity. Let Rubicam roast Canvass Back Ducks, broil Bull-Frogs, and stuff Ortolans; and let kitchen-wenches beat trifles, strain jellies, and make blanc-monge; —let Mrs. Glass, or Mrs. Carter, or Monsieur Viard—‘*Le Cuisinier Impériale*’—dive into the mysteries of Gastronomy, but never let our Belles be transformed into *femmes-de-bouche* and cook-maids! For myself, I would rather never behold a roasted turkey at Christmas, or a plum pudding at Yearly Meeting, than suppose the

* I will merely glance, at present, at the introduction of that innocent custom, called ‘*bundling*’ and ‘*tarrying*;’—which, according to Liancourt, is the effect of ‘the purest manners and most innocent intention;’ and according to Doctor Burnaby, of simplicity and innocence!’

Before such an amusement could be tolerated, it would be necessary to introduce the *Ruffianos* and *Cavalieres Serventes* of Italy; and our belles should be taught to sport *double entendres* like a *Parisienne*,—be as plain spoken as the ladies of Naples!—and practise the ‘straddling stride’ of the women of London and Novgorod!—*Vide* Johnston’s Travels in Russia, p. 221.

taper fingers of beauty had stuffed potatoes into its craw, or been contaminated with the beating of its eggs, or the vile mixture of its batter! I would rather feed upon the beef steaks of Abyssinia, the bird's-nests of Pulo Penang, the cat-soup of China or the puppy-broth of Malta, than owe my existence to the degradation of a woman!

Dr. Cooper says 'the waste and inelegance of an American kitchen is horrid!—and a female writer exclaims in a tone of simple pathos, 'Alas! how seldom, in this country, do we meet with *good drawn-butter!*'—If this 'waste and inelegance' cannot be remedied, or the 'drawn-butter' improved, without the instrumentality of an American Lady, may our culinary abodes remain in the like situation *ad infinitum!*

There is one strong objection to *Female Duelling*, or it could perhaps be introduced with notorious success: if our *Demoiselles* adopted the practice of the celebrated French female antagonists, it would have a very serious effect on the manners and conversation of many male *aspirants*, who would be so intolerably fearful of committing themselves by a *lapsus linguae*, or an unavoidable mistake, that they would either visit *sub si-*

lentio, or abandon the society of women altogether. Taking every thing into consideration, it would be preferable—notwithstanding the following English example,—to avoid its introduction;—for, should it be attempted, many of our exquisites would be absolutely condemned to a living purgatory! In every glance of beauty's eye they would see the flash of a pistol, and in every word from her coral lip, recognise the sound of a blunderbuss! What a revolution would be effected: we should be afraid to gaze with admiration on the features of a beautiful girl, lest she should knock us down for our impertinence;—and tremble in making more than one visit during a season, lest we should have our brains blown out for intentions which we never harboured!

‘ Two ladies in high life, having had a dispute at the Princes’ Féte, a challenge actually ensued, and the parties proceeded to Kensington Gardens with their female seconds, who took with them a brace of pistols each, *in their ridicules*. The seconds having charged, *by mistake put in the balls first*. The Amazons afterwards took their ground, but *missed fire*, when their differ-

ence was adjusted by the interference of their mutual friends.*

As our ladies are yet to be made acquainted, in general, with the art of horsemanship, I would decidedly recommend, to the aspiring, the adoption of the COUGNANTAIN-SECOUIMA METHOD, which not many years ago, was practised by the ladies of France, who wore buff-small-clothes, and half-boots, covered with a garment 'buttoned before, to open occasionally like a gentleman's waistcoat.' The danger and inelegance of the present mode of riding, are too apparent to be particularly noticed, and owe their origin solely to the fickleness of fashion, by which they may with equal justice be destroyed. If our primitive parents had taken a *promenade à cheval*, can any one believe that Adam would have endangered the safety of his beloved Eve, by permitting *her* to ride on a tottering and dangerous foundation, whilst *he* was secured in a firm and well-balanced position? Certainly not. Let our ladies, then, emulate the Amazonians, and rival the intrepidity of the Calmucks!

Our gentlemen, themselves, are not very

* English Paper.

expert ‘reinsmen,’ and I verily believe the majority are so ignorant as not to know the difference between a *Buxton Bit* and a *Charlton Bridoon!* It is time to shake off this apathy: let our ‘clever ones’ delight in the ‘music-of-the-bars,’ and endeavour ‘to take off the shine’ from the ‘*Barouche*’ and ‘*Four in hand*’ *Clubs!*—cut out the ‘*eye of a fly*, and ‘*bring blood*’ with every ‘*back-hander!*’

FORGETFULNESS is also the essence of fashion. You should never remember a friend in misfortunes, or a benefactor in poverty; the oftener you call a person by the wrong name, the more notorious you will become. There is some art, however, in managing a real fashionable want of memory; you should always mistake a beautiful young girl for some shrivelled mummy of antiquity; ask a bride just married how her sweet little baby ‘comes on;’—and affectionately question some disappointed old maid about the health of her husband. If an acquaintance has just lost his wife, you should not fail to inquire after her health, and if a disconsolate lover has just been jilted, be sure to ask him the time of his intended marriage. Always request a divine to play

cards, and even go so far as to whisper a *double entendre* into the ear of a gentleman, and solemnly protest you mistook him for Miss Such-a one. Never permit a blooming *petit maître* to approach you, without saluting him by the name of the most deformed and disagreeable gentleman of your acquaintance. Ask a dandy when he intends to publish his next sermons, and beg every theological writer you meet with to play *Vingt-un*, and how he was pleased at the last Horse-Race! If you meet a modest votary of the muses who has just appeared in 'hot pressed twelves,' rail most vehemently against the production—condemn it as poor, *native* trash—a perfect narcotic—a '*deep shock*'—an '*utter horror*'—and a *vile bore*;—and after pronouncing him a dull, inanimate, monotonous mannerist, earnestly beg his pardon for not having before recognised the author. In fine, a real *élégante* must posses as treacherous a memory as the Irishman who made the following note in his Mem. Book; '*Passing through Dublin, to remember not to forget to marry Miss * * * * !*'

But it is not in high life alone that such improvements must take place, as will ele-

vate our fashionable character to the proper heighth. Tailors must be *Men-Mercers*;—Milliners, *Marchands-de-mode*;—Barbers, *Perfumers*;—Shoe-blacks, *marchands-de-Cirage*;*—Coachmen, *Grooms*;—Waiters, *Valets*;—Chamber-maids, *Femmes-de-Chambre*;—and Cook-Maids, *Culinary-Goddesses*!

Our servants must attain a perfect knowledge of *single* and *double-raps*, as well as a certain fashionable impudence and *non-chalance*, peculiar to a London Lacquey; who, in our present state of degeneracy, would be kicked out of any gentleman's house in Philadelphia before he had been domesticated ten minutes!—One of these independent gentlemen has, by an advertisement in the Morning Post, given a fair insight into the character of his fraternity; after offering his services as a Groom, he informs the public, that as '*he never lived with any but gentlemen of the greatest respectability, he hopes none but such will apply!*'

* These gentlemen ought, moreover, never to use any other professional ingredient but *Real Japan Genuine Water-Proof Patent Leather-Preserving Chemical Blacking*.

Our cinder-wenches, however, (if *Mr. Janson is worthy of belief!!!*) have already manifested some dawning of spirit, which may in time communicate itself to their fellow-domestics. ‘I called,’ says he, ‘at the house of an acquaintance; a maid servant opened the door—“Is your master at home?”—“I have no master”—“Dont you live here?”—“I stay here”—“And who are you then?”—“Why, I am Mr.——’s *help*—I’d have you know *man*, that I am no *servant*; none but *negers* are *servants*

Nor are certain descriptions of tradesmen, and others, entirely debarred from the advantages likely to accrue from the general introduction of English customs.

Our GROCERS would be especially benefited by adopting the profitable plans of their brethren in Europe. They may learn to manufacture teas from *sloe-leaves*, *alder leaves*, *white-thorn leaves*, and *ash leaves*:—to dry those intended for black tea, on an iron-plate, and colour them with *logwood*;—to bake those intended for green tea on *copper*-

* *Stranger in America*, p. 87.—If such a conversation ever took place, which is not very probable, squire Janson’s repulse was, perhaps, as much owing to his *fugitive character*, as to the impudence of the servant.

sheets, and colour them with Dutch pink and *verdigris*!* They may make flour and mustard answer all the purposes of flour of mustard, while *yellow ochre* can, with great profit, be mingled with ginger, and *rape seed* with pepper!—They are already well enough versed in *doctoring* brandy, gin, rum, and whiskey!

Our WINE-DEALERS (if it is actually wanting,) may also acquire a profitable experience in *doctoring* their wines. They may colour their red-wines with *Brazil wood*, *alum*, and *husks* of *alder berries*, and *bilberries*;† and give them a fine astringent taste with *oak-wood saw dust*, and *husks* of *filberts*: If they wish to clear muddy white-wine, let them use *gypsum* or *lead*; and *bitter almonds* will afford it a most delicious nutty flavour. Port may be flavoured with *seeds* of *raisins*;—and to inexperienced *doctors*, I would recommend in general, *sweet*

* So long ago as 1783, the report of a committee of the house of commons, stated the quantity of factitious teas then manufactured *per annum*, to be four millions of pounds, being more than half the usual quantity imported into this country *per annum*, and about equal to the whole consumption of the United States!—In London there are established manufactoryes of these teas.

† *Accum on Culinary Poisons.—et seq.*

briar, oris root, clary, cherry laurel water, elder flowers, and abundance of cider!

Our BAKERS, no doubt, are well enough acquainted with the properties of *alum*, if we may judge from the difference existing between *their* bread, and that substantial substance manufactured in our private houses. ‘All is not gold that glitters,’ or, in other words, it is not always the whitest that is the best bread. However, there are still advantages to be appropriated to their share: they *perhaps* little know, that from the use of *subcarbonate of ammonia*, they can actually manufacture white, firm, and sweet bread from *sour flour*!!—and immensely benefit themselves by the simultaneous incorporation of *pipe clay, chalk, or potatoes!*

Our BREWERS—if some of the beer of our public houses is to be the test,—are perhaps better acquainted with their own interest than is generally imagined: but, to the ignorant, I would remark, that *Ginger Root*, *Coriander Seed*, and *Orange Peels*, will give a goodly flavour to beer!—that *Quassia*, *Wormwood*, and *Capsicum* impart a fine bitter taste (—and that *Cocculus Indicus* is an exceeding pleasant narcotic for porter and ale! Without entering more fully into

their particular uses (which a knowledge of the purposes to which they may be applied renders unnecessary,) I will merely mention the names of *molasses, honey, vitriol, grains of Paradise, liquorice, and opium!* It is indeed time our brewers should be acquainted with *bittern, multum, and black extract.*

Nor shall our little DAIRY MAIDS be wholly neglected: to them I recommend the very advantageous mixture of *arrow root* or *rice powder* with their cream!*

IN concluding this chapter, let me once more exhort our *exquisites*, if they do not individually wish to be pointed out as a '*rara avis in terris*,' to introduce the noble exercises of England,——FOX-HUNTING, HARE-HUNTING, and STAG-HUNTING;—SHOOTING, FISHING, and HORSE-RACING;—BULL-

* Such are a small proportion of the frauds committed in London; the extent to which they are carried in other articles, such as Drugs, Medicines, Jewellery, &c. almost exceeds belief.

In Mr. Accum's Treatise on Adulteration of Food, &c. &c. &c. we find the following monstrous list of articles, which are daily sold in London in a sophisticated, and in most cases, *poisonous* state: *viz* Anchovy-sauce, Beer, Brandy, Bread, Catsup, Cayenne-pepper, Cheese, Coffee, Confectionary, Cream, Mustards, Drugs, Gin, Lemon-acid, Lozenges, Malt-spirits, Mustard, Olive-oil, Paints, Pepper, Pickels, Porter, Printing-paper, Rum, Soda-water, Soap, Black and Green Teas, Vinegar, and Wine!

BAITING, BEAR-BAITING, and BADGER-BAITING;
—GREY-HOUND-COURSING, SINGLE-STICK, and
CRICKET;—WRESTLING, BOXING, and PEDES-
TRIANISM;—HOAXING, BETTING, and COCK-
FIGHTING!

THE END.

3.5.8.10



DEC 13 1967

